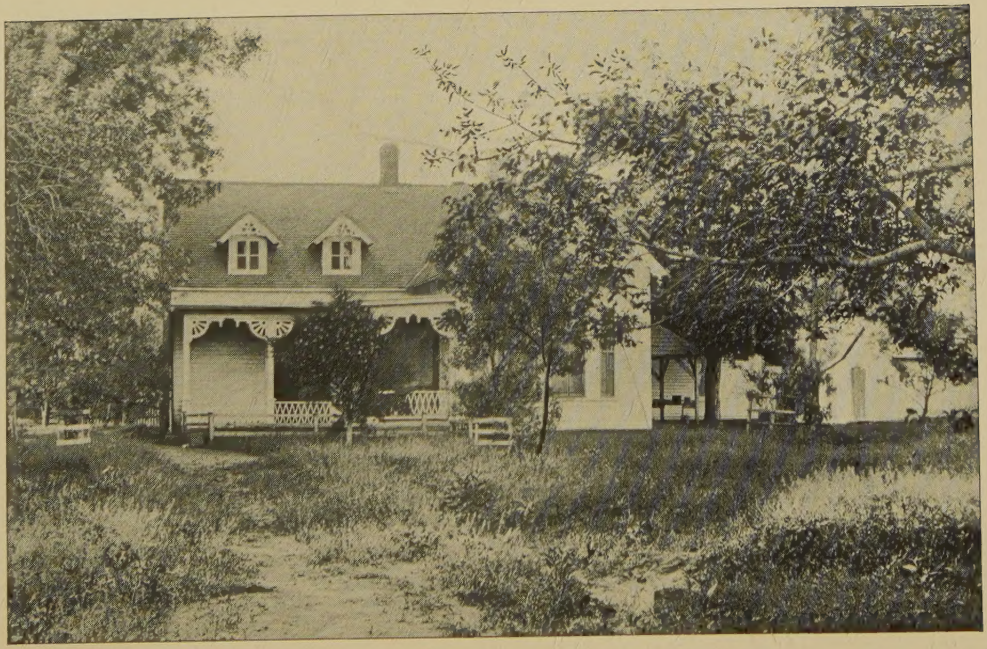
The Indian Chief Journeycake

Mitchell



Chief Journeycake's Home.

THE

INDIAN CHIEF, JOURNEYCAKE

BY

REV. S. H. MITCHELL

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong
Longfellow

PHILADELPHIA

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PREFACE

THE following brief narrative is sent forth, not as a contribution to the literature of the Indian problem, but as a tribute to the life and character of the Christian chieftain whose memory it seeks to perpetuate.

When the author first entered the home of Mr. Journeycake to become acting pastor of the Delaware Church, and made a study of the situation, it was apparent at a glance that if he would do his people good he must stand in friendly relations with the senior pastor. By divine favor our intercourse at once, without any compromise of ministerial prerogative, became most intimate, fraternal, and confidential. Our views were largely akin, and we had a common purpose.

Mr. Journeycake was a man of uncommon deliberateness, especially in conversation. You would ask him a question, and he would be so long before replying that you would be led to think he had given it no attention. This peculiarity was quickly learned, and also that it paid to wait.

After a period of some months, the secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society sought to procure a biographical sketch of Father Journeycake for a special "Indian number" of the *Home Mission Monthly*. But how should I obtain the facts—the suitable data for

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such a sketch? They must be obtained from him in his own peculiar way of giving. The communication of the secretary was made known to him, and he seemed rather pleased. But the method of obtaining the information was not clear. It could only be gotten in his own time and way. He was remarkably free from any appearance of seeking notoriety, and yet seemed conscious that there was much in his life experience that ought to be known. Slowly there was obtained from him the material for the desired sketch, but the process did not stop here. We had been brought into very close and sympathetic relations with each other. In his peculiar way he put me in possession of the many incidents in his life, and in that of his people, which form the basis of this memoir.

There was no intimation from him of any desire for their publication, and yet in indescribable ways he impressed me that this would be his wish. He gave me his confidence in a way altogether unusual for him outside of his own family, and it has been regarded as a sacred trust. How the obligations of that trust have been met the pages following must disclose.

The members of Mr. Journeycake's family fully recognized the affectionate and sympathetic relations above described, during the last years of their father's life, and after his death united in the expression of their conviction that the writer was the proper person to prepare the memoir that they wished to perpetuate his memory. That the Lord may use it in some small measure to accomplish his will is the author's earnest wish.

S. H. M.

Cresco, Iowa, Nov., 1895.

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THE INDIAN CHIEF, JOURNEYCAKE

CHAPTER I

PRELIMINARY

Rev. Charles Journeycake. Born December 16, 1817. Died January 3, 1894.

A kind and loving father and a friend to the needy; he died as he lived, a pure and upright man, after many years' faithful service in the ministry and as chief adviser for his people, the Delawares.

Jane Sosha Journeycake. Born February, 1821. Died January 13, 1893.

"*None knew her but to love her.*"

Such is, in part, the simple and truthful inscription upon the monument that marks the grave of this excellent man and his equally excellent wife. The monument is of white marble—a beautiful double shaft, rising from the head of the grave, curving and uniting in one central column. Beautiful symbol of the two lives uniting in one, and for more than half a century witnessing to the power of a Christian civilization to mold and to control in a most noble family life even the native children of our primeval forests.

Being the last chief of his tribe, and since the surren-

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der of their tribal government until his death, their chief counselor in all their affairs, it will be necessary to give some account of the Delaware Indians through the times leading up to that portion of their history in which Chief Journeycake has constituted so important a factor.

In an estimated Indian population of one hundred and forty-nine thousand east of the Mississippi a hundred years ago, the great Algonquin group numbered ninety thousand. Of this group the Delawares claimed to be the parent stock, and the claim seems to have been conceded by the related tribes. They were called Lenni Lenape, or original people. They occupied the territory on the eastern coast from the mouth of the Potomac to and beyond the Hudson and stretching far back into the interior. It is said that when Hudson anchored his first ship off New York Island, in 1609, the Delawares stood in great numbers on the shore to receive him, exclaiming in their innocence, "Behold, the gods have come to visit us."

They had a tradition that many hundreds of years ago they lived away toward the setting sun, and that, emigrating to the eastward, they had, on crossing the Mississippi, encountered and destroyed a mighty nation possessing many large towns. These the Lenni Lenape drove down the Mississippi, taking possession of their land and finally settling along the Delaware River and the eastern coast. There was also a tradition that another tribe had followed them from the far West, from which descended the Iroquois, the powerful enemies of the Delawares.

It is further said, that in the wars with the Iroquois, the latter, finding themselves hard pressed by the French settlers of Canada on the one side and the Delawares on the other, devised the plan of relieving themselves by persuading the Delawares to lay down their arms and become mediators between the warring factions. This the Delawares consented to do, and thus ceasing to be warriors, the Iroquois turned and heaped reproaches upon them, calling them "women."

This tradition of their having for a time laid down their arms, would seem to account for the fact that the Delawares, when first met by the whites, were the most docile and friendly of Indians, though afterward, when provoked to take up arms again, they became most formidable warriors.

Whatever may be thought of these traditions, it is certain that the Delawares were leaders among the Indian tribes with which our government had to deal in getting possession of lands from Pennsylvania westward to the Mississippi, and the salient facts of our dealings with them are vital to a right apprehension of the history it is proposed to sketch.

CHAPTER II

TREATIES WITH THE DELAWARES[1]

When the name "Delawares" was first given to this people by the whites, they rather resented it, but when told that they and one of the principal rivers were named after a great English brave, Lord De La Warre, they willingly took the name. It is well known, that when William Penn negotiated for Pennsylvania, it was from the Delaware chiefs that he made the purchase. Chief Journeycake possessed a perfect facsimile of the wampum belt that was presented by the chiefs of the Delawares to Penn in confirmation of the bargain. "The first treaty of the United States with the Delawares was made in 1778 at Ft. Pitt. The parties to it were said to be 'The United States and the Delaware Nation.'" It was stipulated in this treaty that the United States should guarantee to the Delawares and their heirs "all their territorial rights in the fullest and most ample manner as bounded by former treaties," and also that

Should it for the future be found conducive for the mutual interest of both parties to invite any other tribes

[1] For the facts sketched in this chapter I am chiefly indebted to "A Century of Dishonor," written by Helen Hunt Jackson, "A Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with some of the Indian Tribes," and seemingly taken from official records.

who have been friendly to the United States to join the present confederation and form a State, whereof the Delaware Nation shall be the head, it shall be done, and the Delawares shall be entitled to send a representative to Congress.

This was during the war of the Revolution, and the treaty was made, of course, with such of the tribes as were friendly to the United States. At the same time "the rest of the Ohio tribes, most of the New York tribes, and a large part of the Delawares were in arms on the British side." At the close of the war of the Revolution the United States in its first treaty with the Indians made provision that the Delaware chiefs and head men, who had made the former alliance with us, should be reinstated in the Delaware Nation. Among the chiefs who had fought on the side of the United States and who were now restored to all the privileges of the Delaware Nation was Colonel Henry Kilbuck,[1] of whom an interesting reminiscence will appear in a subsequent part of this book. This first treaty after the close of the war was made in 1785, and was participated in by the "Delawares, Wyandottes, Chippewas, and Ottawas." By it certain lands were confirmed to the United States, and the remainder to the Indians. The States of "Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania," are largely made up of lands that were by this treaty, "in 1785," given to the Indians. The reader is asked to bear in mind, that the facts here referred to, in the most con-

[1] See Chapter XVI., Supplementary.

densed manner possible, are necessary to any proper understanding of the history of the Delaware people and their last chief, with whose biography this work is concerned.

During the troublous times that followed the formation of our government the Delawares at first were our friends, and have the credit of faithfully observing the treaties made with them. In 1791 the Secretary of War, in sending commissioners to treat with the Miami and Wabash Indians, recommended them to confer on the way with the friendly Delawares and take some of their leading chiefs with them as allies, saying, "These tribes are our friends, and as far as is known the treaties have been well observed by them." But about this time the Delaware leaders became possessed of the idea that the United States government was not acting in good faith with them, but was seeking to dispossess them of their lands by unfair means, and they are mentioned among the hostile tribes. In 1792, in a message sent from the government, was found this paragraph: "Remember that no additional lands will be required of you or any other tribe to those that have been ceded by former treaties." This was in an appeal for a peaceable settlement of differences growing out of the boundary question, in which the message says:

Brethren! The President of the United States entertains the opinion that the war which exists is an error and a mistake on your part. That you believe the United States wants to deprive you of your lands and drive you

out of the country. Be assured that this is not so. On the contrary, that we should be greatly gratified with the opportunity of imparting to you all the blessings of civilized life, of teaching you to cultivate the earth and raise corn; to raise oxen, sheep, and other domestic animals; to build comfortable houses, and to educate your children so as ever to dwell upon the land.

In 1793 another great council was held, to which came the chiefs and head men of the Delawares and of twelve other tribes, to meet commissioners of the United States for one last effort to settle the vexed boundary question. The records of this council are profoundly touching. The Indians reiterated over and over the provisions of the old treaties, which had established the Ohio River as one of their boundaries. Their words were not the words of the ignorant, clumsily and doggedly holding to a point; they were the words of clear-headed, statesmanlike rulers, insisting on the rights of their nations. As days went on, and it became more and more clear that the United States commissioners would not agree to the establishment of the boundary for which the Indians contended, the speeches of the chiefs grew sadder and sadder. . . Finally, in desperation, as a last hope, they propose to the commissioners that all the money which the United States offers to pay them for their lands shall be given to the white settlers to induce them to move away. They say, Money to us is of no value, and to most of us unknown; and as no consideration whatever can induce us to sell the lands on which we get sustenance for our women and children, we hope we may be allowed to point out a mode by which your settlers may be easily removed, and peace thereby obtained.[1]

Let the reader call to mind that this was but a hundred and two years ago, that the words quoted above are those

[1] "A Century of Dishonor," pages 41, 42.

of the chiefs and head men of a number of tribes of Indians, the leading tribe being the Delawares, pleading for the peaceable settlement of questions concerning the ownership and possession of that belt of country in the very center of the great Mississippi Valley, north of the Ohio River and stretching westward from Pennsylvania, now comprising the great central States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois, and it will be seen at once how vital to a proper understanding of the history of the last Delaware chief and of the remnant of that noble race yet living, are the facts recorded in this chapter.

The arguments used by their chiefs for the mode of settlement proposed by them are cogent, and doubtless to them seemed convincing, whatever view might be taken by the commissioners of the United States. The settlers north of the Ohio were poor people, or they never would have consented to live in a country beset by so many dangers and in the midst of so much suffering. The government was offering to the Indians a very large sum of money for the relinquishment of the lands these poor settlers occupied, and another considerable sum to each separate tribe, annually in perpetuity.

"Now," say those chiefs, "divide this large sum of money which you have offered us among these people; give to each, also, a proportion of what you say you would give to us annually, . . . and we are persuaded they would most readily accept it in lieu of the lands you sold them," adding, "If you add, also, the great sums you must expend in raising and paying armies with a view to force us to yield you our country, you will certainly have more

than sufficient for the purpose of repaying these settlers for all their labor and their improvements."

It is not our purpose to speak particularly of the injustice done by the United States in failing to carry out the provisions of treaties. One or two further extracts will show how little either party could understand at the time the exigencies that must soon arise in the developments of history to make the strict observance of the provisions of these treaties impossible.

For instance, in a treaty made in 1795 with the representatives of the Delawares and eleven other tribes, the United States delivered to be distributed among these tribes the sum of twenty thousand dollars in serviceable goods, and solemnly covenanted, "henceforward every year, forever, to deliver at some convenient place, northward of the river Ohio, like useful goods, suited to the circumstances of the Indians," to the amount of nine thousand five hundred dollars more. "Every year forever," as if the conditions then existing were to continue through the ages. And in the Indians' appeal for a settlement in 1793, before quoted, they close by saying:

> We desire you to consider, brothers, that our only demand is the peaceable possession of a small part of our once great country. Look back and review the lands from whence we have been driven to this spot. We can retreat no farther, because the country behind hardly affords food for its inhabitants; and we have therefore resolved to leave our bones in this small space to which we are confined.[1]

[1] "Border Wars of two Centuries," page 234.

To prevent any misunderstanding about the meaning of the treaties in the relinquishment of their lands by the Indians, it was explicitly declared that—

The Indian tribes who have a right to these lands, are quietly to enjoy them, hunting, planting, and dwelling thereon, so long as they please, without any molestation from the United States; but when those tribes, or any of them, shall be disposed to sell their lands, or any part of them, they are to be sold only to the United States; and until such sale the United States will protect all the said Indian tribes, in the quiet enjoyment of their lands, against all citizens of the United States, and against all other white persons who intrude upon the same.

In other words, they were not selling their lands at that time, in fact, but only binding themselves not to sell to anybody else when they might be disposed to part with them. The above was the situation of the Delawares up to within a few years before the time that Chief Journeycake was born.

CHAPTER III

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE DELAWARES

In the eighteenth century the Moravians established missions among the Delaware Indians and met with a good degree of success. "Settlements of Moravian converts were made in 1741 at Bethlehem and Nazareth in Pennsylvania." These Christian Indians, though continuing peaceful and friendly to the whites, "were subjected to brutal outrages from lawless settlers during the exasperation of the French and Indian wars."

The settlers, driven to desperation by the dangers and troubles that environed them, were led somehow to suspect the Christian Delawares and others, and to charge them with many of the outrages from which they suffered. With monstrous cruelty and indiscriminating rage they wreaked vengeance upon the unoffending converts. A single quotation will show the spirit by which they were impelled: "On the borders of Pennsylvania the settlers were now fighting the Indians on the one hand, and the Quakers on the other." They declared that the Quakers would "go farther to befriend a murdering Delaware than to protect the border."[1] Thus the very peaceful and unwarlike disposition of the Christian Indians made them objects of jealous suspicion to the enraged settlers,

[1] "Border Wars of Two Centuries," p. 129.

and the terrible outrages they were subjected to forms one of the dark chapters in the history of the treatment they generally received at the hands of the whites.

The pressure upon the Delawares caused their general migration westward, so that "by 1768 they had all removed to the west of the Alleghanies. The Moravian missionaries emigrated to Ohio with their flocks, where the number of Christians increased."

When the first treaty with the Delawares was made in 1778 "the Christian Indians had three towns on the Muskingum, the principal Delaware town being at Gnadenhütten." These remaining peaceful and friendly to the colonists during the Revolution, "the hostile Indians, angry at the neutrality of the Christians, seized them and removed them to Sandusky, Ohio." This was in 1781, and here we still find the Delawares at the time of the birth of Chief Journeycake.

Growing short of provisions, after their removal, a party of the Indians returned to their former settlement on the Muskingum to save some of the crops from which they were driven. "The settlers, hearing of their reappearance, attacked them, and, though they made no resistance, ninety of them were brutally massacred. This threw the Christian Indians into despair; most of them removed to Canada, where their descendants still remain." [1]

It is not surprising that these outrages, associated in

[1] "Encyclopædia Britannica," American Supplement. Vol. II., p. 598.

the minds of the still savage Indians with the missions referred to, so prejudiced them against the very name of Christian missions that it was many years after their settlement at Sandusky before the Delawares would permit a missionary to labor among them. The same conditions have substantially obtained elsewhere. While progress has been made, and evidences of the power of the gospel over the savage mind have not been wanting, yet the influence of the general treatment of the Indians by the whites has been so unfavorable, and removals from the area of partial success have been so frequent, and often so cruel, that anything like permanent success has been an impossibility.

Later on we shall see how, under changed and more favorable conditions, more encouraging results were achieved.

CHAPTER IV

ANCESTRY AND CHILDHOOD

In the Delaware settlement, on the upper Sandusky, lived an Indian who had traded much with the white people, and who married a white woman by the name of Castleman. A daughter of this union grew up to be intelligent, to speak the English language and several Indian dialects, and to become an expert interpreter. She was married to a full-blooded Indian, named Journeycake, and from this union was born, December 16, 1817, Charles Journeycake, the subject of this memoir. Sally Journeycake, the mother, was born about 1797, and died in the Indian Territory, February 6, 1873. In her history, and that of her more famous son and his descendants, we have such an illustration of the methods and power of the gospel in regenerating and elevating the Indian races as is worthy of the widest attention.

It has been mentioned in a previous chapter that, owing to the outrages inflicted upon the Christian Delawares by the border settlers, notably in 1763 and 1782 when most of them were killed and the remainder driven to Canada, the unconverted Indians who remained in the Sandusky settlements became very hostile to Christian missions. It appears that at the first quarter of the present century there was not a Christian Delaware in

the settlement. Two or three attempts had been made to organize missions, but the head men of the Delawares rejected all overtures. At length a Methodist mission was started among the Wyandottes, on their reservation adjacent to the Delawares, and Mrs. Sally Journeycake was their interpreter. An invitation was finally extended to these missionaries to visit Mr. Journeycake's house and preach, which invitation was occasionally accepted. In interpreting for the missionaries, Mrs. Journeycake learned some passages of Scripture and some verses of Christian hymns. Of the results of this we shall learn later.

In the year 1817 "it was deemed advisable to make an effort to 'extinguish the Indian title to all the lands claimed by them within the limits of the State of Ohio.'" To this end "two commissioners were appointed with great discretionary powers, and a treaty was concluded early in the autumn, by which was ceded to the United States nearly all the land to which the Indians had claim in Ohio, a part of Indiana, and a part of Michigan."

In 1818, during the first year of Chief Journeycake's infancy, another treaty ceded all the lands which the Indians claimed in Indiana, and "the United States promised to provide for them 'a country to reside in on the west side of the Mississippi,' and 'to guarantee to them the peaceable possession' of the same." By the agreement of 1818 the Indians were allowed to remain three years longer on their lands, and the government

agreed "to give them one hundred and twenty horses, and a sufficient number of pirogues to aid in transporting them to the west side of the Mississippi," and also provisions for the journey. It appears, however, that the delay of three years allowed for their removal was prolonged to ten years, for in 1827 we find them still in Ohio, but making preparation for their removal to the West. At this time a fatal disease broke out among their horses, and all died except two, belonging to Mr. Journeycake. These fled, and it was believed by the people that an instinct for their own safety prompted their flight to a distant spot, where afterward they were found. This incident was cherished among them in after years as an intervention of Divine Providence in their behalf, and when we view the consequences of this delay to the Journeycake family, as shown by what followed, who shall say that they were wrong?

The tribe was now in great straits. Unable to proceed, the provisions that the government was to furnish for their journey would either not be forthcoming, or being furnished would soon be exhausted. Late in 1827 Mr. Journeycake took his family some fifty miles west to spend the winter with the Shawnees, and still later penetrated twenty miles farther into the dense forest for a winter's hunt. While in this winter retreat his wife, Mrs. Sally Journeycake, the interpreter, was taken violently ill. The husband went seventy miles seeking help for her, and while he was absent she fell into a sort of swoon or trance state, and was supposed to be dying

or dead. After being many hours in that state she awoke, and at once began praising God. The knowledge she had obtained while interpreting for the missionaries, and the Christian hymns and portions of Bible truth had proven in her soul the good seed of the kingdom, and from that time she was an earnest and devoted Christian —the first Christian among the Delawares of the present century. Following the example of the Christian missionaries from whom she had learned the precious truth, she adopted at once Christian customs of family life, and observed stated times of family devotion.

The son, Charles, was now ten years old. In 1828 the long, slow march began from the Sandusky settlement to the new reservation, away to the west bank of the Missouri River. Can any one imagine the emotions with which they set out on this long and tedious journey? Were their strong and tender ties of attachment to be sundered?—ties of association binding them to the woods, the lakes, the hills and valleys, the streams and fields, the hunting grounds and the burying grounds, among which they had hoped for a permanent home. He knows little of the common bond of human brotherhood who can doubt that there were heartburnings at this setting out to leave all these associations behind.

But to one of this caravan of wayfarers especially this journey must have had peculiar significance. Sally Journeycake alone of all that company of dusky exiles knew what it was to trust in the Christian's God. Around the campfires the Indians would dance their war

dances or engage in the wild orgies of their native life, but she alone stood aloof from all their revelries. She commanded the respect of all by her consideration and great kindness. She maintained her Christian demeanor, gathering her little family in her tent and seeking the Divine blessing upon them. What strange and conflicting emotions must have been hers! What longing for Christian companionship! What a test of her simple faith! One thing must have cheered her and proved an inspiration. Her mother-eye could not fail to see that her son Charles was deeply impressed by her Christian deportment and ardent hopes were inspired in her heart. It was his delight in after years to make loving mention of impressions made upon his mind by these scenes and to bear testimony to their influence on his life.

This journey to the West seems to have taken about a year. There was a tarrying of a part, if not all, of the band for a short time in Indiana, on White River, and another stop, and probably an encampment for the winter, in Southwest Missouri. So that the Delawares arrived at their Kansas destination in the spring of 1829.

By the treaty of 1818 they had ceded all their lands in Ohio and Indiana to the United States, and in it the government had agreed "to provide for them a country to reside in on the west side of the Mississippi," and "to guarantee to them the peaceable possession of the same."

This agreement seems to have been lacking in some of the specific details. A supplementary article was added to it about this time, in which it is said:

Mrs. Sally Journeycake—Mother of the Chief.
Page 24.

Whereas, The Delaware Nation are now willing to remove, it is agreed upon that the country in the fork of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers, selected for their home, shall be conveyed and forever secured by the United States to the said Delaware Nation, as their permanent residence, and the United States hereby pledges the faith of the government to guarantee to said Delaware Nation forever the quiet and peaceable and undisturbed enjoyment of the same against the claims and assaults of all and every other people whatever.[1]

In addition there was promised, besides what had been formerly pledged, "an additional permanent annuity of one thousand dollars, forty horses, the use of six wagons and teams to remove heavy articles, provisions for the journey, and one year's subsistence after they reached their new home. Also the erection of a grist and saw-mill within two years."

Under this fair promise of relief from the tedious conflicts, painful uncertainties, and disappointments of the past, the Delawares reached their El Dorado in the spring of 1829. An incident that took place upon their arrival at the Kansas River illustrates the courageous spirit of Chief Journeycake, and at the same time affords a view of that providence which was preparing for him the career which has distinguished him as a man. On reaching the spot where they were to cross the Kansas River, it was found greatly swollen by recent rains. It was necessary to take a number of horses across the river by causing them to swim. The young brave, then less than

[1] "A Century of Dishonor," pp. 48, 49.

twelve years old, mounted the leader and fearlessly plunged into the swollen river. Reaching the opposite bank in safety, he says, "I noticed a man with a white hat, who proved to be a white man, standing near and looking at me." The stranger approached the brave young rider and addressed him kindly in the few Indian words he had already learned. This stranger was I. D. Blanchard who, with the noted missionary to the Indians, Isaac McCoy, was there all ready to start a mission among the Delawares and related tribes in this new Indian settlement about forming. This was the beginning of a friendship often appreciatively mentioned by Mr. Journeycake in after years. His mother, Mrs. Sally Journeycake, in 1831, became the first interpreter for the missionaries in the Territory of Kansas, and her heart was caused to rejoice in these privileges of co-operation with other workers for Christ. With gladness she rendered into the language of her people the wonderful words of the gospel which had been so blessed to her.

In 1833 "the Secretary of War congratulated the nation on the fact that the country north of the Ohio, east of the Mississippi, including the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and the Territory of Michigan as far as the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, had been practically cleared of the embarrassments of Indian relations, as there are not more than five thousand Indians, all told, left in this whole region." And in this same year the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, referring to the condition of the Indians, notably these Delawares, gratefully notices—

"How much the Indians' condition is ameliorated under the policy of removal." "Protected by the strong arm of the government, and dwelling on lands distinctly and permanently established as their own, enjoying a delightful climate and a fertile soil" they have "turned their attention to the cultivation of the earth and abandoned the chase for the surer supply of domestic animals."

In the same year (1833) the agent for the Delawares and Shawnees mentioned that he "was shown cloth that was spun and wove, and shirts and other clothing made by the Indian girls." It was not the first time the Delawares had shown a disposition to "turn their attention to the cultivation of the earth," and to other pursuits of a frontier civilization, as their cornfields forty years before bore witness.

CHAPTER V

CONVERSION AND EARLY CHRISTIAN LIFE

THERE is probably no better illustration of the working of the Spirit of God in the hearts of men by the use of his own word, and the sanctifying influence of redeemed souls, than Charles Journeycake. We have seen something of this in the case of his mother. The passages of Scripture and verses of Christian hymns learned while interpreting for the missionaries, the good seed of the kingdom, falling into good ground sprang up and bore fruit in her own conversion and consecrated life. We have traced the impression of her devotion upon her eleven-years-old son on their weary journeying to the West, in 1828. More than sixty years afterward, when past threescore and ten years of age, Mr. Journeycake used to describe to the writer in glowing and graphic terms the profound impressions made upon him by the piety of his mother in those early days.

Arrangements were made at once, upon their arrival in 1829, to begin mission work on their Kansas Reservation. As might be expected, progress at first was very slow. I have found no record of organized mission work earlier than 1833 when it appears that the Baptist General Convention had an established mission there. In the meantime, Charles Journeycake fully accepted Christ,

and in 1833, was baptized by a missionary by the name of Likins. He was the first Delaware baptized in the present century and, except his mother, the only Christian of his tribe. In 1835 his father being also converted, father and mother were baptized. This was the beginning and nucleus of a Baptist church among the Delaware Indians, and its subsequent history shows how it conformed to the methods of divine grace as seen in the New Testament and in Christian history. It would be very interesting to speak at greater length of these early missionary efforts; but the data at hand are very limited. We are only able to discover that the Baptist General Convention and its successor, the Missionary Union, among many other similar efforts among the Indians, conducted mission work "among the Delaware and Stockbridge Indians, beyond the Mississippi, from 1833 to 1864," when the Indian work was transferred by the Missionary Union to the Home Mission Society. This was twenty-one years before Kansas was organized into a a Territory of the United States and admitted for settlement as such by an act of Congress in May, 1854, and it seems highly probable that Charles Journeycake was the first person baptized in what is now the State of Kansas.

After the baptism of his father and mother, in 1835, we have no means of knowing the progress of the work for a number of years; but there is every reason to believe that, like all mission work at its beginning, it was exceedingly slow. In 1837 Rev. J. G. Pratt and wife

set out from Boston for the far West, and on the 12th of May reached what was then called the Shawnee mission, in which the Delawares seem to have shared, near Leavenworth, Kansas. In 1838 nearly a hundred Stockbridge Indians came from Wisconsin and settled in the same neighborhood. They were well civilized and were of an intelligent and vigorous stock. They were Presbyterians in faith, but under Mr. Pratt's teaching a number of them became Baptists, and this added strength to the Delaware Baptist Mission.

Mr. Journeycake began preaching when still a young man. He preached in his own language and in the Shawnee, Wyandotte, Seneca, and Ottawa dialects. He was a great traveler, ranging over wide areas of the vast plains of the West, attending Indian councils, and engaging in his favorite pastime of hunting. There is evidence that he went everywhere preaching the gospel. He has told the writer of a time when still a young man, when going with a number of the head men of his tribe to attend a great council down in the Cherokee Nation, they reached a point where religious meetings were being held. He was so fired with zeal for the faith that he obtained leave to tarry behind and aid in the meetings for a number of days before he went on and joined his friends and the council.

His friends wished him to be ordained to the ministry in these earlier days in Kansas; but he seems to have had no special ambition for its honors. He said there was the missionary to administer ordinances, and there was

no special need of his ordination, therefore he preferred to continue as he was, a layman helping the Lord's cause as opportunity might open; and this same spirit of deference to others in ministerial functions characterized him to the end of life.

CHAPTER VI

MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE

In 1837, at the age of twenty, Mr. Journeycake was married to Jane Sosha, a Delaware maid about sixteen years of age. Of her family little more can be learned than that she was born in February, 1821. But her life has made it evident that the same wise Providence that in so many ways shaped the life of our brother was his guide in choosing his wife. It would be most interesting were it possible to penetrate the past, and look in upon the home of the young Indian and his bride when they thus began a marriage union, which for the graces of domestic love, harmony, and home making, formed such a conspicuous figure throughout the fifty-six years of their married life. The writer of these pages deems it one of the rare privileges of his own life to have shared the blessings and noted the influences of that home during the ripened and closing years of its full fruition. Mrs. Journeycake was, in the fullest sense, a most faithful and helpful companion to her honored husband in his life-work. To say that Grandmother Journeycake, as she was called by all who knew her in her later years, was one whose praise was upon every tongue as far as she was known, is but feebly to express the universal esteem in which she was held. Further mention of her

will appear in the progress of this story. Less than the above could not well be said here of the one who was ever such a benign presence in the home of her husband. As the family of Mr. Journeycake constitute so important a factor in the religious career of the Delaware people it may be of interest to glance at their history.

There were eight daughters who grew to womanhood, and two sons who died in early childhood. The daughters were all married, were all converted, and became members of the Baptist church, and five of them are yet living. Some of them were educated in our Baptist institution at Granville, Ohio, and all are women of culture, are good homekeepers, and efficient workers in the church.

Of the progress of religious work among the Delawares, from the advent of Mr. Pratt and wife among them in 1837, for the next thirty years, but little can be learned. There were evidently a number of them converted, outside of the Journeycake family, and among these some influential men. But the progress of the work was at best very slow. It is certain that Mr. Journeycake and his family must have been the important factors in the religious life of the Delawares during that period, for when, after their removal to the Indian Territory, they organized the Delaware Baptist Church, on Lightning Creek, of eleven constituent members, seven were members of his family, viz., himself and wife, his mother and four daughters. It is also certain that great trials had attended them during these years. Infringe-

ments upon their lands by the whites, and uncertainty and unrest came to them; and it is probable that during the latter part of their stay in Kansas there was great depletion of their numbers by death and by a decline in their religious life and activity. At the same time it was a period of seed-sowing from which in God's own time there came a glorious harvest.

Before entering upon the later and more fruitful period in the religious life of the Delaware people and the Journeycake family, it may be of interest to briefly review their Kansas experience. In a former chapter is given the solemn assurance of the United States that this "country in the forks of the Kansas and Missouri rivers, selected for their home, shall be conveyed and forever secured to the Delaware Nation, as their permanent home," etc. From such published reports as are available, we glean the following facts as to the character and disposition of these people in the years that followed. In 1838 they were reported as cultivating one thousand five hundred acres of land in grain and vegetables, and raising much stock, and that "they are a brave, enterprising people," and "at peace with all neighboring Indians." They were vigorous and successful hunters. Parties of them frequently made excursions across the plains and into the Rocky Mountains for beaver, sometimes returning with booty to the value of a thousand dollars each. But here is one of the saddest records in all their history, and one that constitutes a sad blot on our boasted civilization: "The money was soon spent,

chiefly for ardent spirits." An agent reports about this time: "The only hindrance now in the way of the Delawares, Shawnees, and Kickapoos, is ardent spirits. These whisky traffickers, who seem void of all conscience, rob and murder many of these Indians." He calls it robbery and murder, because "they will get them drunk, and then take their horses, guns, or the blankets from their backs, regardless of how quickly they may freeze to death." Mr. Journeycake has related to the writer incidents fully corroborating these statements. How fearful is the reckoning that may yet be exacted for atrocities so committed! And yet at the same time these Delawares were consulting for ways of bettering their situation, especially in the matter of education for their children. In 1844 their chiefs met together and prepared and forwarded to Washington a paper, "requesting that all the school funds to which they were entitled by treaty might be paid to the Indian Manual Labor School, near Fort Leavenworth Agency; might be pledged to that school for ten years to come; and that they might therefore be guaranteed the education and subsistence of Delaware children, not exceeding fifty at any one time." This is well called a "remarkable document," emanating as it did from a people so recently having emerged from the barbarism of the savage. In 1845 the Delawares were said to have "raised a sufficiency to subsist on," and that "they have lately built out of their own means a good saw and grist-mill, with two run of stones, one for corn, and the other

for wheat." The following is suggestive of much of the experience through which they were compelled to pass. "At this time," so we read for 1845, "they are waiting with much anxiety to see if their 'Great Father' will punish the Sioux, who have at two different times attacked them, and murdered in all some thirty men. They say they do not want to offend their 'Great Father,' and therefore before taking means to avenge themselves they will wait and see if he will compel the Sioux to make reparation."

"In 1853," the record runs, "the Delawares are among the most remarkable of our colonized tribes. By their intrepidity and varied enterprise they are distinguished in a high degree. Besides being industrious farmers and herdsmen, they hunt and trade all over the interior of the continent, carrying their traffic beyond the Great Salt Lake, and exposing themselves to a thousand perils." At this time Mr. Journeycake was thirty-six years of age, and from what is known of his prowess and fondness for hunting it is certain that he was behind none of his comrades in the qualities above described. This would be inferred also from the fact that only two years after this he was chosen chief of one of the principal clans, and in a few years more became principal chief of the tribe.

The following incident related by the agent of the Delawares in his report for 1853, and quoted by "H. H.," in "A Century of Dishonor," was related to the present writer by Chief Journeycake only a few years ago. A

small party of Delawares, consisting of a man, his squaw, and a lad about eighteen years of age, were returning from a successful hunt in the mountains. They had thirteen head of horses and mules, four hundred and forty-five dollars in money, besides many other articles of value. The second day after they commenced their homeward journey, the man sickened and died. Before his death he directed his wife and the young man to hasten home with the property. After traveling a number of days they were overtaken near some of the forts on the Arkansas River, by four white men, who were deserters from the United States army—one man riding a mule, the other three on foot. The widow and the young man who attended her loaned each of the three a horse or a mule to ride, and furnished them with provisions, and they traveled on together. After six or seven days of this kindness they reached Cottonwood Creek, thirty-five or forty miles west of Council Grove. One evening, while resting, the four men turned upon their benefactors, killed the young man, and cut the throat of the woman; and supposing both to be dead, they dragged the two bodies into the grass. They took the property and hurried on to Jackson County, Missouri, where they disposed of the stock, and three of them took a steamer for St. Louis. After their departure the woman returned to consciousness, and discovering that the lad had been killed, and all their possessions had disappeared, in her enfeebled and dangerous condition took the road for Council Grove. On the fifth day, according to her

reckoning, she was overtaken by a Kaw Indian, and helped into Council Grove. Here the traders gave her every possible attention, and sent a runner to the Delaware Agency, and they soon succeeded in capturing one of the men at Liberty, Missouri. This man confessed the whole horrible business. A telegram intercepted the other three at St. Louis, and the widow, weak as she was, went to Liberty and confronted her would-be murderers. There is no doubt that this is only one of many such thrilling adventures that befell these people, and well indicates the lawlessness that often prevailed in the lonely stretches of the great West.

But another removal and other trials await the brave Delawares, and in these we shall see how Chief Journeycake, now the main reliance of his people, shows the stuff of which he is made.

CHAPTER VII

PREPARATIONS FOR ANOTHER REMOVAL

During the writing of these pages there has been held, at Defiance, Ohio, the centennial anniversary of Wayne's great victory on the Maumee River, in 1794, on which occasion General Wayne and his forces destroyed the villages and cornfields of the Delawares and related tribes. In a letter of General Wayne to the Secretary of War, in August, 1794, referring to the Indian property destroyed, he says: "The very extensive and highly cultivated fields and gardens show the work of many hands. The margins of those beautiful rivers — the Miamis, of the Lake, and Au Glaize—appear like one continued village for a number of miles, both above and below this place; nor have I ever before beheld such immense fields of corn in any part of America, from Canada to Florida." The leading Indians whose possessions a hundred years ago are thus described, were the ancestors of our Delawares of whom we now write, and the above extract is introduced here to remind the reader of the progress toward civilization that they had made even at that early day. A people capable of such results were also capable of entertaining high hopes and aspirations, and of feeling keenly the disappointment of these hopes.

We have noted the positive assurances of our government in regard to their possessions, both as to permanence and protection. We have seen the failure of the government to make those assurances good. We have traced the successive yieldings of their guaranteed possessions, the weary and tedious removal to the extreme border of civilization and the renewed assurance that now at last they were to be no more disturbed; that now the United States would protect them forever against any and all intruders upon the lands set apart for their home in the forks of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers. It remains now to relate how their hopes are again to be blighted by another series of infringements upon their rights; another failure of pligated faith and another necessity for removal and beginning anew, when by the inspiration of those hopes they had risen to a high degree of enterprise and civilization.

In 1854 the influx of white settlers into Kansas was so great that it became evident that the Indian reservations there could not be kept intact, and the Delawares were induced to cede back to the United States a large portion of their lands to be opened to white settlement. In 1855 their agent wrote of the results: "The Indians have experienced enough to shake their confidence in the laws which govern the white race. The irruptions of intruders on their trust lands, their bloody dissensions among themselves, etc., must necessarily, to these unsophisticated people, have presented our system of government in an unfavorable light. Yet, notwithstanding all,"

it is added, "the simple-minded trustingness of these people is astonishing."

When the Civil War broke out in 1861, and a call was made for troops, a larger proportion of their able-bodied men enlisted in the United States army, it is said, than in any other community in the whole country. "The Delawares enlisted in 1862, one hundred and seventy men out of a population of only two hundred men, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. They officered their own companies, and their men are credited with being tractable, sober, watchful, and obedient to the commands of their superiors." The use of spirituous liquors was strictly prohibited among them in the army, though at home drunkenness was their greatest vice.

Concerning the condition of the Delawares, when the necessity of removal began again to confront them, and as an evidence of the advance made in civilization, whenever they had a favorable opportunity, the following statements are given, the date of the same being about 1862: "Several of them have from fifty to one hundred acres of land in cultivation, with comfortable dwellings, barns, and outhouses. All the families are domiciled in houses. . . . Their crops of corn will yield largely. Nearly every family will have a sufficiency for their own consumption, and many of the larger farmers a surplus. . . There are but few Delaware children of the age of twelve or fourteen that cannot read." "Here is a community of a thousand people, larger than many of the farming villages of New England; . . . the average of personal

property amounting to a thousand dollars." And yet, from this prosperous settlement, and from possessions that had been solemnly guaranteed to them by the United States, their rights in the same to be protected against all white settlers, with lands greatly increased in value by their industry and enterprise—from all this it is to be "to their interest to be removed," and why?

The following from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in 1866, will explain why. His report says: "The State of Kansas is fast being filled by an energetic population who appreciate good land; and as the Indian reservations were selected as being the best in the State, but one result can be expected to follow."

It is not surprising that under these conditions and the agitations incident thereto, "improvements have been much retarded among the Delawares and other Indians in Kansas." In 1864, it was said: "The greater part of the personal property owned by the Delawares is in stock, 'which is constantly being preyed upon by the whites, until it has become so reduced that it is difficult to obtain a good animal in the nation." It was estimated that their stock had "undergone a depletion to the extent of twenty thousand dollars in the past year." There is not space here to mention a tithe of the abuses and discouragement that were heaped upon them during these trying years—years too, when more than half of their adult male population were in the army. When these returned after the war, it would have been a miracle if many of them had not been demoralized and weakened by

the vices of army life; so that from all these causes these Delawares must have begun their new life in the Territory shorn of much of their former strength, and ill prepared to take up again the burdens of making new homes for themselves. But in spite of these adverse conditions, there were evidences of much vigor and energy of purpose among them. In July, 1866, it is said: "The Delaware chiefs, distressed by the state of affairs, drew up for their nation a code of laws which compare favorable with the laws of so-called civilized States."

It will be remembered that the subject of this memoir —Charles Journeycake — had, at this time, been for several years principal chief; and these laws bear the impress of his master mind. Some years earlier, in 1863, the Delawares had "petitioned the United States government to permit them to take eight hundred dollars of their annuity funds to pay the expense of sending a delegation of their chiefs to the Rocky Mountains to see if they could find there a country that would answer for their new home." The commissioner advised that they should not be permitted to go to the Rocky Mountains, but to the country south of Kansas—the Indian Territory, of which "the geographical situation is such that its occupation by lawless whites can be more easily prevented than any other portion of the country." The following, taken from the commissioner's report for 1866, will sufficiently indicate the reasons why "Most of the Indians were anxious to move to the Indian country, south of Kansas, where white settlers cannot interfere

with them." "Intermingled, as the Kansas reservations are with the public lands, and surrounded in most cases by white settlers who too often act on the principle that an Indian has no rights that a white man is bound to respect, they are injured and annoyed in many ways. Their stock are stolen, their fences are broken down, their timber destroyed, their young men plied with whisky, their women debauched; so that, while the uncivilized are kept in a worse than savage state, having the crimes of civilization forced upon them, those farther advanced and disposed to honest industry, are discouraged beyond endurance." While all these experiences may not have applied to the Delawares, most of the grievances did, and most of the nation were now prepared to accept the conditions of removal.

CHAPTER VIII

MADE CHIEF

In 1855 Mr. Journeycake was chosen one of the chiefs of his tribe—chief of the Wolf Clan. As an evidence of the esteem in which their chiefs were held, we find, in 1854, this record. They had just sold to the government a large tract of their land for ten thousand dollars, and in connection with the treaty of sale it is said:

> The Delawares feel now, as heretofore, grateful to their old chiefs for their long and faithful services. In former treaties, when their means were scanty, they provided by small life annuities for the wants of their chiefs, some of whom are now receiving them. These chiefs are poor, and the Delawares believe it their duty to keep them from want in their old age. . . The sum of ten thousand dollars was therefore to be paid to their five chiefs—two hundred and fifty dollars a year each.

In 1861 Mr. Journeycake became principal chief of his tribe; so that he stood in that relation during the trying scenes of the war and the incidents that led up to the abandonment of their valuable homes and their tribal government, and the removal again to a new and untried country. Of his qualifications for that position we can best judge from the knowledge gained of him later in life. But there was in his make-up undoubted indications that he was a born leader. His whole life was dis-

tinguished for courage and undaunted bravery. These were combined with a mildness and kindness of disposition that made him one to be trusted and leaned upon. Though with limited opportunities for education, he yet had mental ability which eminently fitted him to be not only a leader, but almost a seer for his people. He had psychical experiences which, without any attempt to explain them, cannot well be passed over. He had frequent dreams or visions of the night, in which he seemed to see clearly things either then taking place or soon to take place, dreams which subsequent events fully verified. In his early childhood, as he afterward remembered and interpreted it, there came to him in his dreams appearances and scenery not only wholly different from all that his waking eyes had seen, but which nothing in his then surroundings could possibly suggest. Something like a panorama of his life as it afterward unfolded, he was accustomed to look back upon as having appeared to him in these visions of his early childhood. For instance, it seemed to him, he was accustomed to say in his later years, that the surroundings of his last home, the landscape, the church in the midst of it, the burying ground just a little way distant—all this setting of his ripened age had appeared to him in the visions of his early boyhood. In 1877, after the settlement in the Indian Territory, he saw in a dream what seemed a most beautiful vision, which made a deep impression on his mind. There appeared to his view, as it were, a great sheet of white paper stretching across the heavens from east to west,

and on it many names were inscribed, among them his own. He saw some one point to it, and a voice said, "We must lengthen this life," and many forms seemed running up to it and lengthening the inscription. A few days after, during a preaching service, one of his Delaware friends was called out of the meeting-house, and shot by an assassin in open day. It was believed that the intention of the assassin was to kill Mr. Journeycake, but that in some providential way his life was spared. It was not surprising that in the light of his previous experiences he should have associated his vision with this event. It was a time when life was exceedingly insecure in all the parts of the Cherokee nation, where the Delawares were located. The whole country was overrun with desperadoes. Mr. Journeycake's life however, seemed as though it were indeed a charmed life. His own house had been attacked, evidently with murderous intent, but he had no fear. As he told the writer, he never thought that he should go in that way. As he related such incidents in his life, he was singularly free from any assumption of superiority. He had no sympathy whatever with modern spiritism or kindred vagaries, and seldom spoke of these peculiar experiences, for the reason that people would not understand them, and they would seem beyond belief. The writer recalls in this connection that on the occasion of one of his visits to Washington, at the hotel where he was stopping there was a professional spiritual medium. Seances were being held in a certain room of the hotel, and the medium sought an

introduction and urged him strongly to witness the spiritual manifestations, but such was his antipathy that he utterly refused.

An instance in one of his hunting excursions, which he looked upon somewhat as he did his peculiar visions, must close this part of our review. He related that on one occasion, accompanied by a young man, he followed a bear into an extended cave. It was very dark, except for the dim light of a torch which they carried. After winding their way for a long distance there was a sudden rushing sound. The young man stepped to the side of the cave and the torch went out, leaving them in total darkness. Mr. Journeycake ran as well as he could toward the entrance, but soon became aware that the bear was in close pursuit. He said, as he ran, holding his gun ready for action, on looking back he could see the eyes of the bear with perfect distinctness, and when it was no longer safe to trust to flight, he was enabled to take aim and fire, killing the animal instantly. He was confident there was no light by which he could see. There is no attempt to explain these phenomena, unless he was endowed with some form of clairvoyance. If so, no one could have been farther from any improper use of such power.

He was naturally of a very reticent disposition, and always spoke with great deliberation, and his influence over his people was very great. Even after the office of chief had ceased, he was still and to the very last the respected adviser in all matters of moment. His home was

the meeting-place for consultation, and his hospitality was ungrudging and without stint. His experiences with the white settlers in their Kansas reservation and in his dealings with the government, made it sometimes rather hard to repose entire confidence in the "pale face," but in spite of all he came to love and trust especially his white Christian brethren. He never forgot that they had given to his race the gospel. His Christian character will be exhibited more fully, but this glimpse of it is fitting here.

CHAPTER IX

REMOVAL AND ITS TRIALS

In 1866, it is said in the government reports that the Delawares, still on their Kansas lands, in spite of depletion by army service and other causes of weakening and discouragement, "raised seventy-two thousand bushels of grain, thirteen thousand bushels of potatoes, and owned five thousand head of cattle."

In July of this year a treaty was made for the sale of their lands, and providing for the removal to the Indian Territory of all who desired to go, it being also provided that any who were willing to become citizens of the United States and chose to remain should have lands set apart in severalty, and the assignment of their portion of funds belonging to the tribe. Only a few families chose to so remain.

The superintendent of the agency at Ft. Leavenworth wrote about this time (July, 1866): "The running of the Union Pacific Railroad through the Delawares' diminished reserve has been a source of grievous annoyance and damage to the Delawares, as has also an organization styled the Delaware Lumber Company." This seems to have been a company formed to help themselves to the Delawares' timber and sell it to the railway company.

The damage to the Delaware land by these two companies was estimated at "twenty-eight thousand dollars." In addition to these losses, it is added, "Other causes have conspired to render them in haste to be gone. The perpetual expectation of being obliged to remove had unsettled the whole community, and made them indifferent to effort and improvement. The return of their young men from the war had also had a demoralizing effect," etc.

Thus discouraged, depleted, and weakened, they turned their faces again to the new wilderness to be entered and subdued. During 1867 and 1868 the most of them had removed to the territory south of Kansas where, after considerable delay on the part of the government in adjusting their financial matters, they surrendered their national or tribal existence and became identified with the Cherokees with the rights of Cherokee citizens.

Chief Journeycake, now over fifty years of age, had been for many years the master-spirit among his people. Dominated in his own life and in his family by a strong Christian impulse, and from his youth active in preaching the gospel among his own and several related tribes, we shall now begin to see the fruits of the seed-sowing of many years.

The work among the Delawares in Kansas had been, as we have seen, very slow. But influences beneath the surface were in preparation, to break forth in due time, into a bountiful harvest.

The new situation, amid the changed conditions and the unsettled state of the Indian Territory after the

war, where life itself was very insecure, was a very trying one. One disaster seemed to follow another. For the first few years a fatal disease swept off all their best horses. Others were stolen. Thus progress seemed to be hindered on every hand. Though in the Journeycake family there was the membership of a church, yet it was not until 1871 that a church was organized.

We can imagine something of the desolation they must have felt in those three or four years. Chief Journeycake's family, with others of the leading Delawares, were no longer rude savages; several of the chief's daughters had been educated, some of them at Granville, Ohio. They had a good degree of religious culture. Missionary Pratt and his wife had now been with them thirty years, and one of their sons had married one of the chief's daughters. The mission had been like an oasis in the desert. There is evidence that its advantages were highly prized.

In 1855, the Delawares having sold a part of their lands for quite a sum of money, the Home Mission Society was about to withdraw its support, thinking that the Delawares were now able to take care of themselves. But Mr. Journeycake accompanied Mr. Pratt to New York to plead for continuance, and was successful. He had never been ordained, though he had been preaching for many years, feeling that while they had the missionary to administer the ordinances, it was not necessary. But now Mr. Pratt and family had been left behind to live in the old mission station, and these few sheep in the wilderness were without a shepherd and without a fold.

November 8, 1871, they organized a church of eleven members, Mr. Journeycake and wife and four daughters with his aged mother making seven of the eleven. A small beginning with unfavorable surroundings, but "the Lord had much people among them," and within a year Mr. Journeycake was permitted to see the realization of one of his early dreams, in the erection of a substantial meeting-house, in the center of the settlement, and near his home.

CHAPTER X

DEDICATION AND ORDINATION

A GREAT revival had now broken out among the Delaware people. The long pent-up forces of divine truth began to break forth and a great light began to shine in these dark places. The preacher-chief proclaimed the gospel in demonstration of the Spirit. In June, 1872, Rev. N. L. Rigby, of Chetopah, Kansas, some thirty or forty miles away, a missionary of the Home Mission Society, was sent for and baptized fifty converts. But the need of an ordained minister of their own number was now imperative. The meeting-house was completed, a good substantial structure, built largely by Mr. Journeycake's own means, and September 22, 1872, the dedication of the house took place. On the next day a council convened for the ordination of Charles Journeycake. Fifty-five years of age and abundant in labors, it was fitting that he should be set apart to the gospel ministry and as pastor of the Delaware Baptist Church.

Rev. J. G. Pratt, from the old mission in Kansas, Rev. J. B. Jones, of Tahlequah, long a missionary to the Cherokees, and Rev. G. J. Johnson, then of St. Louis, Mo., were present to conduct the services. Dr. Johnson was engaged at the time as Missionary Secretary of the

American Baptist Publication Society, and the present writer well remembers the glowing accounts he gave of several visits to the Indian Territory, and the wonderful work the gospel was accomplishing for the Indians. He has kindly furnished for the present volume an account of the dedication and ordination services, and his impressions at the time of the character and influence of Chief Journeycake. He says:

I surely regard it as among the greater favors of Providence, with which my life has abounded, that I was permitted, during the decade commencing with 1870, and while residing in St. Louis and vicinity, to make nine different visits into the Indian Territory, and the six civilized tribes of Indians there (counting the Delawares as a separate and distinct tribe from the Cherokees among whom they live) and to tarry at the homes of the people, and to attend upon religious meetings with them, and thus to see with my own eyes the unmistakable evidences furnished there of the power that is still inherent in our gospel to elevate and to save the benighted of the earth. I am also grateful for these visits as occasions of the greatest religious enjoyment that I have ever experienced in life. I am sure that I never worshiped God more fervently in any gathering of his people; never have been happier in the preaching of the gospel, whether by myself or when hearing it from others, nor in singing and praying, than with those regenerated sons of the forest. Nor have I ever met with any people who have, upon the whole, impressed me as being nobler and purer than have some whom I came somewhat intimately to know among these Indians, notably, John Jumper, chief of the Seminoles, and Charles Journeycake, chief of the Delawares. This latter is now gone and therefore I may speak of him without reserve.

At the time I first met him he was about fifty years old,

slightly gray, and showing age—tall in stature, erect, and of thoughtful, dignified mien. His looks did not misrepresent him. He was intelligent, even well read, ballasted with excellent common sense and good judgment. His religion was to him a matter of conviction and principle, and his piety unfaltering and fervid, growing to the end. As might be expected, therefore, his life was consistent and blameless, and always commendatory of his profession.

In the autumn of 1872, I received an earnest invitation from Mr. Journeycake to attend a three days' meeting to be held among his people, when a new house of worship was to be dedicated, he himself ordained to the ministry and to the pastorate of the Delaware Baptist Church, and a number of recent converts to be baptized. I readily accepted the invitation. The railroad from St. Louis was then completed only to Vinita, eighteen miles away from his residence at Lightning Creek. Upon the arrival of the train he met me with a turnout that I considered as showing me much honor. —his own family equipage, consisting of a fine covered carriage, silver-tipped harness, and a span of spanking bays that he seemed to enjoy driving as much as I did riding after. His residence was a neat frame structure, pleasantly situated in an ample lawn, amid abundant shrubbery and shade, and in the center of a vast tract of land that he regarded as his own, and on which were feeding great herds of his own cattle. It will be a sufficient indication of his wealth to say now that, the day before my arrival, as he informed me, he had made a single cash sale from the stock on his lands that amounted to eighteen hundred dollars ($1,800). His home within gave all the indications of comfort and refinement. An ample library of the best books, the latest periodicals, and the musical instruments that were conspicuous, at once assured you that you were within the abode of intelligence and culture.

I was happy to find here before me, as guests at the

same hospitable home, Rev. J. B. Jones, the Home Mission Society's missionary among the Cherokees, and of the Delawares also, and Rev. J. G. Pratt, from Kansas, who thirty-five years previously had been sent out by the old Triennial Baptist Convention as a foreign missionary to the Delaware Indians, at that time living in what is now the State of Kansas. It was especially fit that these brethren should be here on this interesting occasion, for Mr. Jones was a kind of superintending bishop over this field, and Mr. Pratt had been for many years Mr. Journeycake's pastor, the one chosen to preach the gospel to him and his people in the early stages of their religious development, had been his instructor and chief counselor, and in some sort his spiritual guide for almost a third of a century. Of course these two were specially warm and devoted friends to each other.

First came the dedicatory services of the new house of worship. This house was a well-appearing frame structure, that was said to have cost one thousand three hundred dollars, and was all paid for, largely and mainly, I think, by Mr. Journeycake. The congregation on this occasion entirely filled the house, and save a single white man who chanced to be in the region at the time, and the three ministerial visitors before mentioned, all present were Indians.

And yet the services were mainly in the English language—the sermon certainly was, as it was preached by myself—led by a choir of which Mr. Journeycake's family was a prominent part, his own daughter being chorister and organist. The hymns sung were selections from the Baptist Hymn and Tune Book of our Publication Society. The prayer of dedication was offered by Bro. Jones, and then a second prayer by Bro. Journeycake, in the Delaware language for the sake of a few of the older Indians who had never yet learned to understand the English, closed the impressive services.

On the following day services were held with reference to the ordination of Bro. Journeycake to the ministry.

He had long been regarded as the spiritual leader of his people, as he had been as chief in temporal affairs. He had been active in speaking and praying, conducting worship and expounding the Scriptures, and had also compiled a hymn book in the Delaware tongue, and I believe had also translated several works for his people that had been published for them by the Tract and Bible societies. But it was now believed that the time had come when he should be yet more prominently and formally put forward as the leader of this flock. Brothers Jones and Pratt conducted the examination, and my recollection is that, notwithstanding many of their questions would have puzzled many a more disciplined mind, even a graduate from the college and seminary, yet all the answers were eminently satisfactory. Mr. Jones preached the sermon, Mr. Pratt offered the prayer of ordination, and I gave the charge and hand of fellowship, and all the people said, "Amen."

But, perhaps, I should claim that the third and last was the chief and great day of the feast. There had been for quite a time a deep religious interest prevailing among the Indian people. Congregations had been large and attentive and a goodly number had professed faith and conversion and were now desiring baptism. It was this state of things that had especially made Mr. Journeycake's ordination desirable, in order that he might not only preach to them, but administer ordinances also. Now the people had both a completed and dedicated house of worship and an ordained and installed pastor. Nothing more seemed to be lacking. They now gathered for a third day's service that should be all their own. We who were visitors now took the rear. Bro. Journeycake preached and the people sang, all in their Indian vernacular. Oh, it was spirited, spiritual, and inspiring. There was at the conclusion a call for inquirers, and then followed a season of special prayer, and then all adjourned to the waterside at the creek near by. Prayers were here offered and songs sung in the Delaware lan-

guage, and then the pastor led fifteen rejoicing converts, one after the other, down into the water, and there, into the name of the Trinity he baptized them. Yes, it was a joyful hour! Few more joyful, we thought, we had ever seen on earth.

We parted at this waterside. It was never my lot again to meet Bro. Journeycake. He and his matronly Christian wife are gone. Bro. Jones has gone to his rest, and before long the remaining two of those conspicuous in these delightful services will have passed away, but passed away, with the others, we trust, to services yet more delightful than any ever known on earth.

It is a pleasure to the writer of these pages to have so full an account of these epochal events from one who was both an eye-witness and a rejoicing participant.

CHAPTER XI

PHENOMENAL GROWTH

THE reader will recall the accounts in former chapters of the slow growth in the religious development of the Delawares during the forty years of their settlement in Kansas. At the same time he will recall what was said of the unmistakable marks of a deep-seated religious impression among the leaders, especially Mr. Journeycake and his family. The religious work of Mr. Journeycake during this long period must, for the most part, remain unrecorded. After the removal to the new settlements in the Territory, the means of determining more fully his strong religious activity was at hand. With the engrossing responsibilities of leadership in settling claims against the government, and in the selection of homes, as well as the care of a considerable property, one would hardly look for public activity in religious work. Yet, at the end of 1872, scarcely four years from the time of beginning the transfer from Kansas, we find him with a church of about a hundred members, all or nearly all of them converted Indians, a comfortable meeting-house, dedicated and paid for, and Mr. Journeycake himself ordained and installed as pastor. We find him too in the midst of a sweeping revival; and with every evidence that his desire for the salvation of his people is the domi-

nant element in his heart and life. The period of slow growth has been a period of seed-sowing and foundation-laying, to be followed by a reaping time and rapid growth. The baptisms for the ten years succeeding the organization of the Delaware Church—1871 to 1880—under the pastorate of Mr. Journeycake, will well show this.[1] There is evidence in this annual increase of a sustained religious interest. During this period also a number of strong religious characters came forward among the Delaware people. Nearly all of the two hundred and sixty-six converts of the decade were Delawares. The Delaware Church and its devoted pastor became a mighty influence for good over a wide range of country.

October 18, 1873, meetings were begun on the Caney River, thirty miles west of Lightning Creek, and a strong branch of the church was established there and maintained as such for many years. The experiences and phases of church life among these converted Indians were in all respects similar to those which are often witnessed in white churches. A very brief sketch only can here be given of the history of this Delaware Church, but it will be found to justify the foregoing remark.

March 8, 1876, the meeting-house was destroyed by a tornado, leaving the church again without a place of

[1] The baptisms for each of the ten consecutive years were as follows: for 1871, 11; 1872, 108; 1873, 33; 1874, 36; 1875, 7; 1876, 12; 1877, 14; 1878, 33; 1879, 10; and in 1880, 2; making a grand total of 266 baptisms in ten years, an average of 26 and over for each year.

worship. The day of adversity followed the day of prosperity. Three days later, at a meeting held at the Lightning Creek schoolhouse, it is recorded that "much revival spirit was manifested." It was not crushed out by reverses. The struggle to replace the meeting-house, however, was a long and tedious one. On the 11th of November, 1877, a year and eight months after the cyclone, "it was voted, unanimously, to build again, and a committee was appointed to carry out the resolution." But it was not until May, 1879, that the new house was ready for occupancy. During all that time, however, there was a good degree of the revival spirit in the church, despite the inconvenience of being without a church building. May 9, 1879, the new house was dedicated with appropriate services, conducted by Rev. Daniel Rogers, then of Tahlequah, general missionary for the Indian Territory, and Rev. D. King, of Kansas.

The great revival among the Delawares suggests another reflection, and conveys a lesson worthy of record. God often gives his people grace to prepare for approaching calamity, and even death—to bear up under the one, and to meet with fortitude the other. The removal of these people to the Territory, and their changed conditions, were attended with very great mortality. The death-rate among them for the first few years was something appalling. It is not too much to believe that in the rich provisions of God's grace, these wonderful showers of divine mercy were sent, and a great number converted, as a preparation for their speedy departure,

and a means of sustaining those who remained in the severe afflictions awaiting them. From the imperfect records available it appears that of the first two hundred members of the church, seventy-one, or over one-third, had been taken away by death in twenty years.

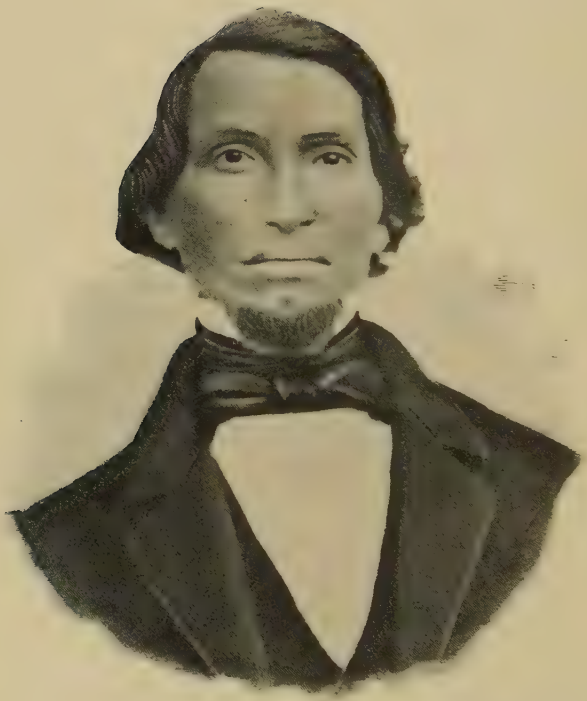
The usual sequences of a great revival were not wanting. The reaction from a high religious tension came. A number made shipwreck of the faith, and others grew cold and backslidden. Discipline became a necessity, and there are evidences of a good degree of faithfulness and efficiency along this line. Of those received during the first ten years the records show over thirty exclusions at the end of another decade.

The church was from the beginning a missionary church. January 13, 1877, we find the first mention of a Sunday-school, and a collection of five dollars taken toward the purchase of a library. But a year earlier, January, 1876, it was voted to raise two hundred dollars as pastor's salary, and all through the records is noticed frequent mention of collections for the benefit of the church and for missionary objects.

The second decade of the church's life shows a very great decline in spirituality and religious activity. In 1889 and 1890 there was another revival, but under such changed conditions that it can scarcely be called a work of or among the Indians. So many white people have drifted into the settlements that a large proportion of the recent members gathered in are transient whites—they cannot be called settlers in the true sense, for they have

no permanent homes, and add very little strength to the church.

In the meantime Pastor Journeycake had become so enfeebled as to be practically superannuated, and though the church still maintains its existence, it has not its old-time vigor, nor does it give evidence of a return to its former prosperity.



Mr. Journeycake at the time of his first visit to Washington.
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CHAPTER XII

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE

In 1854 Mr. Journeycake made his first visit to Washington, when he was thirty-seven years of age. It was one year prior to his becoming chief of the Wolf Clan, and seven years before he became principal chief. It was at this time that "the influx of white settlers into Kansas was so great that it became evident the Indian reservations there could not be kept intact, and the Delawares made a large cession of their lands to the United States, to be restored to the public domain." It was doubtless about this treaty of cession that he made the trip to Washington. It was the beginning of the leading part borne by him in the affairs of his tribe with the government, which continued till the end of his life. He visited the capital not less than twenty-four times in the interest of his people, usually remaining for weeks, and conferring with leading men in Congress and in the several departments, whom he enlisted in behalf of the interests of which he was in charge, and whose friendship he won and retained. He also visited the principal cities of the East, and learned much of men and things. He was a man of peculiarly just views as to both morals and religion, and as to the sanctity of the marriage relation his views were very rigid. He had witnessed the transition

of his people from a condition of barbarism to one of civilization in this respect as well as others, and it caused him great distress when any of them manifested looseness in regard to it. He was rigid in regard to religious obligations. He had a just sense of salvation by Christ. He used to say frequently in devotional meetings: "My people used to have a religion; they worshiped the Great Spirit, and observed many ceremonies, but they did not know Jesus." Again he would say: "It used to be said that Jesus was the white man's Saviour, that he was not suited to the red man. But I know," he would say, "that he has saved one Indian." Any swerving of his people from their religious obligations caused him great concern, and he was urgent in his exhortations to integrity of life and to abstinence from all irregularities.

As age drew on, his exhortations to his church to return to their former love were tender and touching. "Oh, my children!" he would say—but it is impossible to transfer to the printed page the pathos and fervor of his loving appeals. Oh, that the reading of these pages might be blessed of God to the hearts of his descendants, that the memory of his fervent piety might cause them to turn to God, and seek to fill up that which is behind of the influence of this devoted Christian.

The writer of these pages has often thought, while listening to his earnest words and witnessing his tears and deep anxiety for the religious welfare of his people, of Joshua, the grand old Hebrew commander. It is said that "Israel served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and

all the days of the elders that outlived Joshua." But, alas! after the influence of these devoted servants of God had ceased from among them, what evils sprang up, and what backslidings. Of Israel and of the Delawares alike may this be said. The remnant of the latter noble race never needed the prayers and fostering care of the Christian people of America more than now. They have the same needs that we have, and should be held to obedience to God's requirements the same as ourselves.

The following testimonial to the life and character of Chief Journeycake is from Rev. J. S. Murrow, D. D., general missionary to the Indians, of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, who has labored in the Indian Territory for over thirty-seven years, and who has studied regenerate Indian character as have few other men. We give his letter in full:

ATOKA, IND. TER., Sep. 27, 1894.

Your kind letter requesting my impressions of the life and character of Rev. Charles Journeycake is just at hand. I regret that limited time will prevent me from writing as fully and as carefully as the subject merits. I leave to-morrow for the Delaware Association, one of the fruits of Brother Journeycake's life and labors. I was not intimately associated with Brother Journeycake in mission work. My field has been with tribes living south of the Delawares. But Brother Journeycake's influence was not confined to his own tribe, hence I may truthfully say that I knew him well. He was a remarkable man—one of the old-time noble red men. God endowed him with talents for leadership, and he well performed his mission. His strong will-power, patriotism, and excellent judgment held his people from disintegration and destruction. In all their treaties with the general government, and with

the Cherokees, Chief Journeycake's good judgment and sound statesmanship were employed unselfishly in securing the best interests of his people. It can never be said of him, as it may be truthfully said of many of the leading men in these Indian tribes, that he "sold out" the interests of his nation for selfish gain. No man among his people can truthfully say that he was wronged by Chief Journeycake.

As a Christian and a minister of the gospel he exerted fully as great an influence for good upon his people as he did as chief and statesman. He was very deliberate in arriving at conclusions. His opinions were therefore rarely erroneous, and when once formed he was as firm as a rock in maintaining them. Nothing could turn him from a course which he believed to be right. I once witnessed an instance of these characteristics. Brother Journeycake attended one of our Territorial conventions. A distinguished D. D. from an adjoining State was also present. He cordially invited Brother Journeycake to attend the convention of his State. He stated that such a visit would do great good in arousing an interest in Indian mission work. Brother Journeycake excused himself for some time, while the other persistently urged him with many arguments and much persuasion to accept. Finally Brother Journeycake dropped his head and was lost in thought for several moments. On looking up he spoke with a degree of firmness that evidently meant that no further persuasion would affect him: "I never go anywhere simply for pleasure. My presence might arouse considerable enthusiasm at your great meeting, but it would soon pass away like a gust of wind. It would not result in any permanent good. Hence, while I thank you heartily for your kind invitation I will not accept it."

Brother Journeycake's faith in God's providential care was very strong, yet childlike. A few years ago he attended a commencement at Indian University. A number of ladies and gentlemen were sitting in the recep-

tion room engaged in conversation. Among them was Brother Journeycake. A very literary lady present asked Brother Journeycake to relate some incidents of his life. Being a very modest man, he replied that there was nothing in his life worth relating, except God's goodness and grace. He was pressed for the story of his conversion or some incidents of his life as a Christian or as chief of his people. Dropping his head for a moment, he replied, very simply and childlike: "The incident that is freshest in my memory is God's goodness in providing the means for me to come to this commencement. I believed that as one of the trustees I ought to come, for I think a great deal of this school, and earnestly desire to see it prosper. I did not have sufficient ready money to bring me here, so I asked the Lord to help me get the money. Yesterday he sent a neighbor to pay me some borrowed money, and now I am here." Brother Journeycake was a man of plenty of means of his own, and could command all he wanted otherwise; but instead of going to the merchants he went to God, as was his custom. The conversion and Christian life and character of such Indians as Charles Journeycake, Delaware; Jesse Bushyhead, Cherokee; John Jumper, Seminole; Joseph Islands, Muskogee; Peter Folsom, Choctaw; and hosts of other Indian men of great mental and spiritual endowments, men who would have been leaders in any land, afford indisputable evidence that, had the Christian civilization and education of the Indians been prosecuted a hundred years ago, as it should have been, the Indian problem would long ago have been settled creditably to the government and people of the United States. It is not yet too late to atone in some measure for the wrongs inflicted upon this race. The feeble force of Christian missionaries among the Indians should be increased, and the Christian schools founded for their uplifting should be adequately endowed. This would atone, to some extent at least, for the last "Century of Dishonor."

Sincerely, J. S. MURROW.

The foregoing testimony from Dr. Murrow, as to the public and private life of Chief Journeycake, corresponds with the verdict of all who knew him well, and it has been a great pleasure to incorporate it in this book. May the character portrayed be reproduced in many readers.

CHAPTER XIII

OLD AGE AND CHANGED CONDITIONS

The weight of years was beginning to tell upon the Delaware chief when the writer of these pages first met and knew him. He had always preached to his people in their native dialect and with keenest enjoyment both to himself and to them. But now a great change had come in the situation. So many white people had come into the territory that there had come to be as many or more whites in the congregation and even in the church than Indians. Moreover, most of the Indians could understand the English language as well as their own, and many of the younger of the tribe could scarcely understand their mother tongue at all. Mrs. Journeycake had come to lament that she had not learned to speak and understand English better when she was younger. "For," she said, "my grandchildren are growing up to speak English and cannot understand me." She, and all the middle-aged and older Indians always conversed in their own language in their homes and social intercourse, and likewise in the meetings of the church.

In these changed conditions the demand had arisen for English preaching. The services, conducted in the Indian language, could no longer meet the imperative demands of the field. Mr. Journeycake, though he could

converse in our language pretty well, and could use it in public address to some extent, yet felt that he could not longer carry the burden of the pastoral leadership of his flock. His mind worked very slowly in our language, though he was fluent in his own; besides, the infirmities of age forbade the arduous work to which he had been accustomed. This, then, was the situation when, in 1890, the writer received an appointment from the Home Mission Society as missionary to the Delawares and white people at Al-lu-we and vicinity, and to be acting pastor of the Delaware Church, or assistant pastor as they chose to designate the relation. Elder Journeycake was still pastor and would remain so as long as he lived. In what follows will be seen an illustration and a test of the real character of this noble patriarch and Christian.

It is well known that in all our churches a retired minister remaining on the field where he has reluctantly laid down his work needs a large measure of grace to accept the situation and be a help rather than a hindrance to his successor, who on his part needs grace as well. In the case of Mr. Journeycake the test was a peculiarly severe one. The pastor was an Indian, with all the native love for his own race and with the memory of a phenomenally successful ministry of years among them. He had a keen recollection of the messages delivered and songs sung in his own loved dialect. His place was now to be filled by a white man, speaking in another language; the spiritual condition of the church was low; the uplifting scenes of the revivals of former years were only a

recollection. Would the aged pastor cheerfully accept the situation and give hearty sympathy and support? Some effort had been made before to maintain services in English, but with very limited success.

Such was the situation when, in the last days of October, 1890, the writer entered the neighborhood and the home of Chief Journeycake, and was introduced to the venerable pastor of the Delaware Church. It was a difficult undertaking, and was not an eminent success; but the writer is glad to be able to record in this way, that during his entire stay upon this field Brother Journeycake's co-operation, sympathy, and cordial support were all that could be desired. He was eminently considerate of all the rights of his pastor, for such he recognized me to be in the fullest sense. He was exceedingly careful not to infringe in any way upon any prerogative, and was unalterable in his friendship to the last. During the period of our intercourse the one dominant desire of his life was the interest of the church which he had served so well. There were many evidences of a decline in its power and influence, and this gave him great uneasiness. When there would appear any awakening of interest, his joy would at once appear. He delighted to visit, with the new pastor, the distant parts of the field, driving his own good team, and to send his team when for any reason he could not go. Naturally reticent and undemonstrative, he nevertheless often became quite communicative, and in his own deliberate way related the events of his life and the history of his people.

The experiences of his eventful life had given him much occasion to suspect the sincerity of the whites, and sometimes a shade of this distrust would manifest itself. But he had a lively appreciation of the benefits that had come to him and his people through Christian civilization, and he was much more ready to speak of this and of the ever-present boon which the white missionaries had brought, in the gospel of Christ. To this personal tribute to the memory of Mr. Journeycake, may at this point be added testimonials from those who knew him well.

Rev. David Crosby, for some time professor in Indian University, and afterward pastor of the Baptist church at Muskogee, I. T., writes as follows:

Rev. Charles Journeycake was in every sense a Christian gentleman, always affable and obliging. In the home social circle, in the church, and in business he was the same true man and friend. One cannot conceive, after knowing him, of his doing a mean, scarcely in any sense, a selfish act. He was loyal to his Saviour; and being loyal to him, he revered his truth. It was indeed a great pleasure to hear him talk of Christ and his work. One of the greatest pleasure of my life was to attend a week's meeting in which this aged Christian was interested, and to assist him in baptizing about forty converts. His whole heart was in the work. He loved his people, he loved his church, and above all he loved his Lord and Master. He was exceptionally kind to the poor. Never did the needy go from his door empty-handed. I shall never forget the warm receptions he gave me. I shall never forget that straight, slim, nervous form. I shall never forget that kind face and gentle voice. Father Journeycake was a great man, in real Christian manhood; great in his uplifting influence among his people.

It is indeed sad to lose such—a loss to earth, and a gain to heaven. D. CROSBY.

In such tributes as this the present writer can most fully concur. How vividly, as I read these descriptions, his remarkable personality rises before me. The kind face, the gentle voice, the erect frame, the strong, nervy movements, and the unswerving piety of the man, are all most real images before my mind. When we remember that this character, so majestic and beautiful, was evolved by the influence of Christianity and the power of divine grace, from a condition of barbarism, in a single lifetime and under conditions such as our treatment of the Indian has imposed, it is surely worthy of more than a passing notice. It furnishes another instance of that practical proof so much better than any amount of theory.

The following official testimonial will complete this chapter. At the annual meeting in June, 1894, of the Board of Trustees of Indian University, of which Mr. Journeycake had been for many years a member, it was unanimously

Resolved, That in view of the removal to his heavenly rest, since our last annual meeting, of Rev. Charles Journeycake, a member of this Board since its organization, we desire to place on record our high appreciation of the noble Christian character of our departed brother, and our sense of the great loss to his family, to his tribe, and to this territory, as well as to the church and to this institution, which his decease has entailed. A good and righteous man, an earnest and consistent Christian, and a loving and constant friend, has been removed from our

midst. His rest is glorious. To his family especially we tender our sincere sympathy.

By order of the Board.

S. H. MITCHELL,
A. C. BACONE,
W. P. KING,
} *Committee.*

CHAPTER XIV

ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL

It is no purpose of the writer of these pages to make a hero of his subject, nor to heap upon him undue praise. But as a representative of what a Christian civilization can do for a noble, but much-abused race, it seems right to gather about Chief Journeycake such an array of historic testimony as will exhibit the strong points of his character in an unmistakable light. This can best be done by giving the independent testimony of such men as Dr. G. J. Johnson, J. S. Murrow, D. D., David Crosby, and others, whose study of his character and influence was made under the most favorable conditions, each being unaffected by the representations of the others.

The following "Reminiscences" are from the pen of Rev. Daniel Rogers, D. D., who was General Missionary to the Indian Territory five and a half years, 1876 to 1882:

My first acquaintance with Rev. Charles Journeycake was in September, 1876. I had then but recently entered upon my work as missionary to the Cherokees, including the Delawares, who had been adopted as citizens of the Cherokee nation. It was my privilege to meet him many times after this while a missionary to the Cherokees and as general missionary of the Baptist Home Mission Society for the Territory. I always received a cordial welcome at his home. I frequently preached to the Delawares, and on such occasions Bro. Journeycake usually interpreted for me into the language of his people.

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He was a man whom I learned to highly esteem for his excellent qualities as an upright, conscientious man and earnest, devoted Christian. His good judgment, wise counsel, and deep interest in his people, made him a trusted leader.

Sitting at his fireside, after long rides across the prairies to his home, I have listened with much interest to the recitals of his Christian experience, his exploits in hunting, and the history of his people.

At the time when I first became acquainted with him there was considerable bitterness of feeling between some of the Cherokees and the Delawares. A brother of Charles Journeycake had been killed, and attempts had been made to kill other prominent leaders among the Delawares, among them Charles, who was, in so far as their tribal relation existed, their chief. When the Delawares had been adopted as citizens of the Cherokee nation they had purchased a tract of land in a body so that they might be located near each other. Afterward certain Cherokees claimed a considerable portion of this land on the ground that they were occupying it at the time that the Delawares were adopted as citizens, and so the latter, in many cases, had to pay for their land the second time before they could occupy it peaceably. This they considered was unjust. They appealed to the Cherokees to adjust this matter on such a basis as would be fair and honorable. Such a settlement could not be effected. The Delaware Baptist Church had been organized in the year 1871 with eleven members. God had greatly prospered and blessed it so that, at the time of which I write, it numbered two hundred and twenty-six members. But for the Christian spirit in this church, which restrained from retaliation, there would have been much more bitterness of spirit and more bloodshed. I was impressed with the spirit of Bro. Journeycake in restraining the temper that would at times arise under the keen sense of wrong that seemed to be inflicted upon them by those who would take unlawful advantage.

Bro. Journeycake was a very thoughtful man. He took time to consider before expressing his opinion. One evening, while these troubles which have been alluded to were still fresh in the minds of the Delawares, a prominent leader among the Cherokees was passing through that part of the Cherokee nation where the Delawares resided. Night overtook him before he could reach his destination. He drew near to the house of Charles Journeycake. He did not like to travel in the night, and yet he was not sure that he would be at all welcomed by the leader of a people that felt they had been wronged by the Cherokees. He decided that it would be better to seek lodging than to proceed farther. He dismounted and went to the door. He was cordially received. His horse was cared for and he was soon seated at the warm, cheerful fireside. After supper he ventured during the conversation to ask Mr. Journeycake what he thought of the Cherokees. Silence immediately followed for a long time. He feared he had offended him and began to think how he could wisely turn the drift of conversation. At length the chief raised his head and said, "Well, the Cherokees are like a bat: they have wings like a bird, but they are not a bird; they have teeth like a coon, but they are not a coon." That was all he had to say.

During my long acquaintance with Bro. Journeycake there was but once when I ever saw him apparently deeply agitated. We had been talking for a long time about the wrongs which the Delawares had experienced from the United States government. There were some claims which the Delawares had upon the government and which had been acknowledged and declared to be just. They were assured that they should receive the compensation that was decided upon in a short time. Year after year passed and still this compensation could not be obtained. They felt that they had just reason to feel indignant. After narrating these affairs to me he arose from his seat, tall and straight as an arrow, his

whole bearing indicating deep feeling, and, said he, "The white man has lied." Many or all the other tribes within the boundaries of the United States and Territories have had experiences which would justify them in making the same statement. Our great wonder is that more of the Indians in our country have not fought to the death a people who have so basely wronged and defrauded them.

On the 12th of May, 1879, it was my privilege to be at the dedication of the meeting-house of the Delaware Baptist Church. At that time it was the finest church edifice in the Indian Territory. It was a frame building, fifty-two feet long, thirty feet wide, and sixteen feet high. On the outside it was weather-boarded and painted white; on the inside plastered, painted, and seated with modern pews. Its cost was two thousand five hundred dollars. A few years before they had built a neat house of worship, costing one thousand five hundred dollars, but in 1876 it was completely destroyed by a cyclone. The second house cost a great struggle and much self-denial on the part of many in the church. When the house was completed there was an indebtedness of one thousand dollars. This was to them a source of great anxiety. About three hundred people were present at the dedicatory services. After the sermon, which it was my privilege to deliver on the occasion, a statement was made setting forth the indebtedness of the church. In twenty-five minutes six hundred and forty-six dollars was pledged, quite a large portion of which was paid after the meeting, as an annual payment had just been made to the Delawares, some of them giving the entire amount they had received. A collection was taken, after the pledges had been made to the amount of fifty-four dollars, making seven hundred dollars in all. It was a time of rejoicing. In the afternoon I again preached to a congregation of about one hundred and seventy-five, after which the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was observed.

As a people the Delawares are kind-hearted and peace-

The Church.

able. I recall the names of many enterprising and industrious farmers, mechanics, and merchants. The homes of many are pleasant and attractive. Many of the young people are attending the higher schools of learning and fitting themselves for positions of usefulness among their people. Quite large numbers have already become intelligent and successful teachers and business men.

Some of the pleasantest associations of my work in the Indian Territory were among this people. The conviction that fastened itself upon my mind was, that the religion of Jesus Christ makes an Indian a better man, a better neighbor and citizen, just as truly as it does a white man. The triumphs of God's grace through a personal faith in that One who is mighty to save are apparent among the Delaware Indians. I have seen among them the exemplifications of the Christian graces in their lives and conduct, and in their interest in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

It has been noticed that Mr. Journeycake, during his early ministry, preached in their own dialect to several tribes besides his own. His influence over the Shawnees, Wyandottes, and other tribes, was salutary and strong. We have not the data to speak in detail on this subject, but the following incident, related by him to the writer and fully confirmed, will strikingly illustrate his beneficent influence over other Indian peoples.

Old settlers along the middle Mississippi will remember the Sac and Fox chief, Keokuk, the rival of Black Hawk at and about the time of the Black Hawk war. Keokuk was a man of peace, and was a noble specimen of the red man of the forest. But he had one fatal vice, he was a drunkard, and so lived and died. His son and successor, Moses Keokuk was rapidly following in his footsteps.

After the removal of the Sac and Foxes to the southwest, Chief Journeycake on one of his excursions paid a visit to the younger Keokuk on his reservation. He had a large house, well furnished, with his sideboard well supplied with liquors, and he and his braves were drinking heavily and fast approaching the verge of ruin. Chief Journeycake was a strong temperance man, and was so impressed with the ruinous course that Keokuk was pursuing that he took him aside, and gave him an earnest talk. He tried to show him the ruin that would follow to himself, to his tribe, and to everything about him. Some years after, Mr. Journeycake received a call from Moses Keokuk at his home. The Sac and Fox chief had traveled one hundred and fifty miles to ask baptism of Rev. Mr. Richardville, a Miami Indian and a Baptist minister. He told Chief Journeycake that he remembered his good talk, he had kept it in his heart, had become a Christian, and that for years he had totally abstained from all intoxicating drinks.

Some three years ago, in 1892, the present writer had correspondence with a lady who was teaching a government school at the Sac and Fox Agency in Oklahoma, where Moses Keokuk still lives. This lady knew him well and confirmed in every particular the above account of his Christian and temperate habits—that he has not touched a drop of intoxicating liquor for over twenty years.

A brief extract from the letter of this lady,—Miss Harriet A. Patrick,—written October 13, 1892, will be of

interest as illustrating the condition of many of the Indians and their relation to the white people settling among them. The writer was laboring at the time in the interest of the Indian University, for the education of teachers and preachers among the Indians of their own race, and seeking information that might be useful in that work. Miss Patrick had an interview with Moses Keokuk, through the interpreter, for my benefit, and wrote the result of the interview.

First Keokuk spoke of Chief Journeycake as he knew him and said:

What little acquaintance I have with him, I have found him, and I also believe he is considered, a very good, nice, clever, Christian man. He came here about eight years ago; after that I met him at Washington twice. He was there doing business for the Delawares, and I was there for my people. He stands well with his people, and they have a great respect for him. I think he never drinks.

Keokuk then speaks of himself as follows.

I am a Baptist, was converted at this agency about thirteen years ago. I had to go about one hundred and fifty miles to the Ottawa reservation to be baptized. I have not used intoxicating liquors at all for twenty years.

Then speaking of the condition of his people, he says:

'The school here is far better than it was a few years ago. It is advancing yearly. The people are much more interested in having their children educated, and see the necessity of it. The children, after being in school, have a marked influence over their parents and

do them good. The Indians are progressing rapidly since they have taken their allotments. Many are trying to make improvements of their own accord, building log houses, using stoves, tilling the soil, etc. They would not advance themselves or be at all self-sustaining without education and its influence. The Indians who live neighbors to white settlers seem to be benefited. They watch them and try to do like them. I think the settlement of the country by the white man is a help to the Indian. Our tribe, the Sac and Fox, numbers about five hundred and fifty.

The above is of value as the opinions of an influential Indian who has been himself benefited, and is doing all he can for the uplifting of his race.

Mrs. Jane Journeycake.
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CHAPTER XV

LAST DAYS

THE following brief tribute[1] to the memory of Mrs. Jane Journeycake, wife of the subject of this memoir, is fittingly introduced at this point:

Mrs. Jane Journeycake . . . died at her home at Al-lu-we, Indian Territory, January 13, 1893, lacking one month of seventy-two years of age. Her father, Sylvester Sosha, was a Frenchman, her mother a Delaware Indian. The Delaware people removed from the Upper Sandusky, Ohio, arriving near Leavenworth, Kansas, about 1828. In May, 1838, Jane Sosha was married to Charles Journeycake, and the same year united with the Baptist church, of which she remained a faithful and very devoted member until called to her well-earned home above. Her distinguished piety and influence, with that of her devoted husband, marked an instructive era in the work of evangelizing the Indian people . . . Mrs. Journeycake's life was a benediction wherever she was known. Many a time have we felt the spiritual uplift of her prayers, though uttered in her own native tongue as they were we could not understand a word except that precious name Jesus. She breathed such a spirit of fervent devotion as made her religion a conscious power. Though she had been for many months a great sufferer, her last sickness was brief. For most of this time she lay unconscious, but her lucid

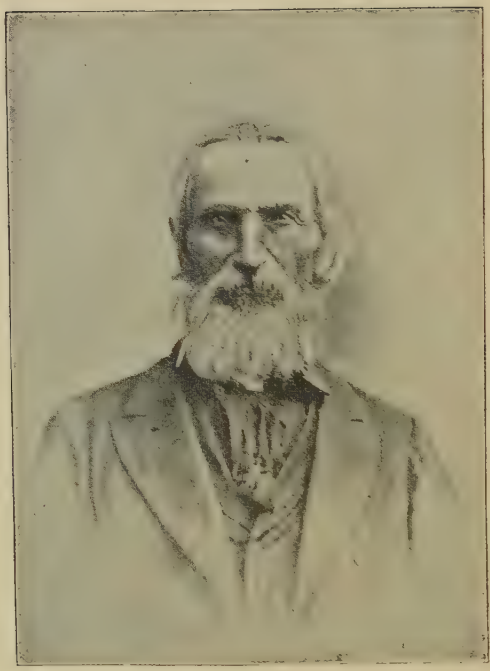
[1] What is here said is in substance taken from an article by the author of this book, published in the *Home Mission Monthly*, September, 1893.

moments were full of the same sweet trust that had characterized her life. It had been her habit on waking in the morning to utter at once an audible prayer. As if waking out of sleep in her conscious moments, she would be heard repeating her accustomed prayer. Once her husband, whom she preceded to the silent land by less than a year, asked her if she would like to hear the hymn they had often sung together. She answered "Yes," and her daughter writes, "joined him in such a sweet voice all through the hymn, that its touching tenderness will ever be remembered by all who were present."

One who had known her from the beginning of her religious life, writes: "It is hard to realize that she is gone. She was so inseparable in the family group, it is still a habit to look around for her familiar face. We know what are the reflections of every one who knew her when the empty seat is in sight. Our only consolation is in the hope of meeting her in the 'better land.'"

When we remember that this is said of a Christian Indian, how much more satisfactory is this hope than the old anticipation of the "happy hunting ground" and its attendant superstition. . . May her virtues be imitated by all who were the witnesses of her gracious life.

The loss of such a companion fell with stunning effect upon the bereaved husband. Life was never the same with him after the separation. He had so long been in the habit of counseling with her upon every important matter, and she had been such a prompt and strong support in every emergency, that the most important factor had gone out of his life. The writer saw him but once after her departure, and the change was painful to witness. He was evidently pining away, and could not tarry long. His love for the church was still supreme. Anything touching its interests would cause him to brighten



Chief Journeycake in his Old Age.
Page 87.

up for the moment. And his regard for his friends and love for his family and his people were unabating. But he seemed living in a distant realm. So his health continued to decline. His step faltered and became unsteady, and his life faded away. Almost to the last he sought relief in his old pastime of hunting. Something like his old self would return for the moment, when he would mount his pony and seek to accompany his dogs in the chase. But in these passing days the Lord whom he loved was preparing him for the release which came at last, January 3, 1894.

Never were words more fitting than these inscribed upon his tombstone in the old cemetery at Lightning Creek:

Life's labor done, as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain that angels pour;
O! why should we in anguish weep,
They are not DEAD, but gone before.

It is said that when Daniel Webster's body lay in state, and the people from far and near were marching by his form, a neighbor of the great statesman, a brawny farmer, in the plain garb of his class, paused for a moment as he passed and broke out in full tones and with deep feeling, "Daniel Webster, the world will be very lonesome without you." So it may be said of the large district of country where our brother was so well

known. It must be very lonesome without Grandfather Journeycake.

Dear man of God, what wealth of grace
Was in thy life portrayed;
What streams of blessing to thy race
Through thee their channels made.

. . .

Endowed with courage, brave and strong,
With wisdom for the chase;
A leader born, from out the wrong
To lead thy suffering race.

A herald preacher, true as steel,
In gospel ways to lead,
Thy life was given for the weal
Of all who chose to heed.

. . .

Great chieftain, may thy blessed life
Thy cherished people move,
To shun the world's ignoble strife
And emulate thy love.

Rest, gentle friend, may thy sweet rest
And heavenly joy abide,
And may thy gracious memory blest
Be cherished far and wide.

CHAPTER XVI

LIVING LINKS

"INDIAN NEVER FORGETS." In the early part of the last century there was born among the blue hills of Pennsylvania, at Lehigh Gap, where the picturesque Lehigh River cuts through the mountains on its way to the Delaware at Easton, a full-blooded Delaware child who afterward became a noted sachem of the Delaware Nation. This was Gelelemend, or Kelelemend, as the name is variously spelled. He afterward took the name of Kilbuck. A writer in the "Youth's Companion," of April 20, 1893, gives the following incidents as vouched for by living descendants of the principal actors. In 1755, in Braddock's expedition to attack the French and Indians at Fort Pitt (Pittsburg), Colonel William Henry, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was attached to Washington's brigade of Colonial troops. Henry was a manufacturer of firearms at Lancaster, and was regarded as a valuable acquisition to the force because of his expert knowledge. The Delawares at this time had espoused the French cause, hoping to regain lands which they accused the British of having sequestered. In the battle in which occurred Braddock's defeat, Kelelemend, or Kilbuck, who was leading a force of the Delawares, had become separated from his band and fell into the hands of the

English, and they were about to dispatch him. He was already badly wounded, when Colonel Henry interposed, and by heroic efforts and appeals saved his life. After the battle was over Kilbuck called Henry to his side, and grasping his hand, said: "You saved my life," and then added, "Indian never forgets." The two separated and never met again. Kilbuck was released and retired with his little band to Gnadenhütten, in Ohio. Following a custom of the Indians in conferring marked distinction upon a benefactor, Kilbuck took to himself the name of Henry, and called himself William Henry Kilbuck. Nineteen years after, in 1774, Kilbuck visited his old home to gaze once more upon his native hills. When he reached Lancaster and inquired for Colonel Henry, he found him absent, but his son, William Henry, Jr., met Kilbuck, who made himself known, and related, with the strongest expressions of gratitude, the story of his rescue. Twenty-three years later, in 1797, the younger Henry was appointed, by the newly formed government of the United States, on a commission to survey public lands in Ohio, in the vicinity of Gnadenhütten. When the Indians heard that Henry was of the party, Kilbuck's descendants sought him out, and for the three months spent in the woods, gave the most marked attention, bringing game and otherwise supplying the wants of the surveying party. It was ascertained at this time that every member of the Kilbuck family, male and female, had "Henry" as a middle name. The Indian had not forgotten. In 1799 a party of thirty Delawares, on their

way to the seat of government to seek redress for some grievances, stopped at Lancaster to pay their respects to the Henry family. The heroic act of Colonel Henry in saving the life of the elder Kilbuck in 1755 had become a cherished story—a sacred and household memory, never to be forgotten.

After another interval of seventy-four years, in 1873, a young, full-blooded Delaware Indian, named John Henry Kilbuck, was sent from Kansas to enter a Moravian school in Pennsylvania. He was great-grandson of the sachem of our story, and was stepson of Chief Journeycake's brother. After his graduation, John Henry Kilbuck entered the Moravian missionary service, and is, at last accounts, doing heroic work among the Indians of Alaska.

The following confirmatory facts concerning the religious life of the Kelelemends, or Kilbucks, are taken from the "Sunday School Times," of March 25, 1893.

Speaking of the Kelelemend who nearly lost his life in 1755, the writer says:

It is not quite clear whether this was the Kelelemend born in 1737, or his father, but at all events the Kelelemend born in 1737 rendered the American forces most valuable services in the Revolutionary War. He early came under the influence of the Moravian apostle to the Indians, Zeisberger, which circumstance affected his whole career. . . This Kelelemend was an American patriot in every sense of the word, using his personal prowess and his influence for the benefit of the colonies, and later for the benefit of the infant United States struggling for independence. He became the head of the Delaware

Nation in 1778, and under the influence of the missionaries did everything in his power to keep the Indians neutral, and especially to keep them from joining the British; and when, finally, the majority of the Delawares, in 1779, yielded to the persuasions of the British Indians, Kelelemend laid down his chieftainship and came out boldly on the American side. After the war Kelelemend came out with equal boldness on the side of Christ and became a soldier of the cross. In 1794 he was urged to resume the chieftaincy; but he had a new chief himself now and therefore declined and gave himself up to religious work for his people. Surely it is a touching sight to see this quondam warrior of the forest, tamed by the Spirit of Christ, preaching the ways of righteousness to his dusky kinsmen.

Just fifty years after his death, May 15, 1861, his great-grandson, John Henry Kilbuck was born. After his graduation from the theological seminary in 1884, "He served for one year as missionary on the Indian mission in Canada," when "the call to begin a mission among the Alaskan Eskimos came to the Moravian Church. At that time there were no Protestant missions among these degraded people. The field chosen was absolutely separated from all civilization." "The Eskimos are filthy, debased, and sunken beyond all description." "Kilbuck heard the call and volunteered" to go among them. "In accordance with the policy of the Moravian Mission Board, it was necessary for him to be married." "By the most evident overruling of Providence, he found his wife in the person of the daughter of the missionary who had baptized him years before. . . Edith Romig, daughter of the Moravian missionary, the Rev. Joseph Romig, accom-

panied Kilbuck to Alaska as his wife, and there she has done heroic service that can scarcely be equaled in the annals of female missionaries." "With a classmate and his wife he landed in Northwestern Alaska on June 19, 1885, and they began their herculean task."

His classmate soon broke down and had to leave the rigors of that terrible climate. But Kilbuck and his wife remained at their post, and what they have suffered can never be told. "Arduous journeys for hundreds of miles up and down the river and across the country in the dead of winter, at continuous risk of life, were undertaken; personal contact with the filthy savages was not shunned; their reeking huts were entered; nothing was left undone out of fear or from personal repugnance." More than once Kilbuck "was given up for lost, and once, after an absence of seventy-three days in raging storms, with the mercury registering fifty-nine degrees below zero, he was mourned as dead. But the Lord brought him back to his heroic wife, who, even in this dire hour, resolved to stick by the mission." "And thus the work went on. At last, as soon as he began to be able to stammer forth the gospel message in that uncouth language of the North, the fruits of such noble labors began to be gathered in. An awakening among the stolid natives took place; and, their suspicions overcome, they came to the missionary, desiring to have 'a share in the blood of Jesus to take away their bad.' . . The little mission station, Bethel," it is said, "now numbers twenty-six natives in full communicant membership, besides many adherents,

and has a widespread influence, reaching two or three hundred miles up and down the river and across the country, and has sent out several native helpers—all this largely as the result of the labors of this Indian apostle to the Alaskan Eskimos and his noble wife. Where now is he who will venture to say the civilization and Christianization of the Indian is a hopeless task in the face of this story of the Kelelemends, or the Indian heroes of the sword and of the cross."

The relevancy of the preceding to this memorial of the last of the Delaware chiefs will be easily seen. Let it not be forgotten, especially by the remnant of the noble Delaware race, that this heroic missionary, John Henry Kilbuck, is one of their own race and blood.

There are still other living links in the chain of historic events that connect these remnants of an interesting race with past history in a way to make them worthy of a record here. The following is a Delaware reminiscence worth preserving, of Black Beaver, the honest interpreter:

When, in 1828, the Delawares were on their way to enter the reservation near Leavenworth, Kansas, there were a few of their leading men who were not satisfied with the prospective location. Black Beaver, the son of a chief, and perhaps two or three others, separated from the tribe and sought more desirable hunting grounds away to the southwest, on the plains of what is now Southern Oklahoma, stopping in what is now known as the Wichita country. There they lived and prospered until the Civil War broke out in 1861. In the mean-

time Black Beaver had visited the Delaware settlement in Kansas, and on one of these visits was converted and became a member of the Baptist church. Most of the Indians in that latitude became involved on the Southern side at the opening of the war. Beaver fled and took refuge with his Delaware friends in Kansas, thus losing his valuable property in the Southwest. After the war, being known as a faithful and valuable interpreter, an agent of the United States government in that quarter induced him to return to the Wichita country, and there he lived and died. At his request a missionary was sent to that region, and what has since been known as the Wichita Mission was established. Some of Black Beaver's family are, I believe, members of the Baptist church at that mission yet, and there are some seventy-five Delawares in that settlement in Oklahoma.

The following incident illustrating the stalwart integrity of Black Beaver was related to the writer by Rev. J. S. Murrow, D. D. It was in the earlier days of his settlement, that he was, on a certain occasion, interpreting for some one who was talking to the Indians about the wonderful things seen at Washington and elsewhere in the States. The speaker was describing the way of sending communications by telegraph; how that the Great Father at Washington could send a talk to any one in New Orleans and get a reply in a few minutes; having made his statement, he waited for the interpreter to repeat it in the Indian tongue. But Black Beaver stood silent. Surprised, and thinking he had not understood it, the

speaker repeated the statement with distinctness, but still the interpreter uttered not a word. "Why do you not tell that to your people?" inquired the speaker. Drawing himself up, Beaver said, with emphasis, "I have never told my people a lie yet, and I am not going to do it now. And that's a lie." It was something so new and unthinkable to him that he could not believe it, and he would not repeat it to his people.

The following incident, also related by Dr. Murrow, who knew the principal actor well, though not a Delaware reminiscence, is worthy of a record here: A few years ago there died in the Choctaw Nation, in the Indian Territory, a Choctaw Baptist minister, Peter Folsom by name, who had for many years been known as a zealous and very devoted minister of the gospel. It is related of him that early in life he was sent to a school in Kentucky and educated. In the annals of our Baptist Home Mission work we find that in 1826 there was in Scott County, Kentucky, an "academy for the education of the Indians, principally for the Choctaws," and that "under the charge of Rev. Thomas Henderson it continued in a prosperous condition for several years, reporting an attendance of ninety-eight in 1828, when twenty-six conversions among the pupils were also reported." This is presumably the school which Peter Folsom attended, and he was probably one of the converts referred to. At all events he was converted while away at school; but on his return to his people, being the only Christian among them, he did not have the courage of his convictions, and

kept the fact concealed. He would silently cherish his new-found faith, but would not subject himself to the reproach of a public acknowledgment of it. So matters went on for a time, but he did not feel at all comfortable.

Finally, he was journeying with an uncle who was a head man, and several others, going to attend a council of their people. One night, as they were sitting around their camp-fire, Peter, who did not feel in a sociable mood, wrapped his blanket around him, and laying down before the fire, was supposed to be asleep. His uncle, in course of the talk of the evening, referred to the Christian religion of which they had been hearing a good deal of late. He said he had given it a good deal of thought; had been upon the point of embracing the Christian faith. "But,' he said, "I have concluded that it is all a sham. There is my nephew," pointing to the prostrate figure before the fire, "he professed to become a Christian while away at school; but he has come back among his own people, and he has not said a word to any of us about the new religion. He has not sought to lead any one else to accept it, and I have made up my mind there is nothing in it." Peter was not asleep. He had heard this arraignment of his new-found faith charged to his own unfaithfulness, and it was more than he could endure, for he did love Christ, though he had not had the courage to acknowledge it before his people. Springing up from the ground and throwing his blanket from his shoulders, he acknowledged his delinquency then and there, and made such a plea for the religion he had dishonored, that his uncle

and some others of the company were soon afterward converted, and he himself became from that time a zealous and successful preacher of the gospel he had sought to hide under a bushel. How many a white Christian has made the same mistake!

CHAPTER XVII

PRESENT NEEDS OF THE INDIANS

Can the Indian be evangelized? Is he capable of Christian civilization? Is the only good Indian a dead Indian? What is his ultimate destiny? What are the chief elements in the problem of his destiny? These and similar questions demand at least a word in the closing chapter of this little volume. Without attempting a definite answer to a single one of the above questions, we desire to group a few suggestions along the general lines indicated. No one with a philanthropic heart can study the present conditions of the Indian problem without having anxious thoughts for our red brothers.

Never, perhaps, in the history of these people was it so imperative that what can be done for them be done wisely and promptly. We confine our observations to the Indian Territory and Oklahoma and adjacent reservations of the Southwest, where a large proportion of them are within easy reach of efforts to improve them.

Looking first at what are called the wild tribes—the blanket Indians—the Indians of the plains, it is almost impossible to realize how absolutely the conditions of sustenance and even of existence for these have changed within the last quarter of a century or a little over. Thirty years ago these tribes of the plains, a good many

thousands strong in the aggregate, could go out at the proper season and kill enough buffalo, dress the hides and dry the meat, to furnish an ample supply of food for the entire year. Then, indeed, they were the terror of the settlers, not to say of the soldiers who were necessary to keep them in check. Now all this is changed. The buffalo are gone, and with them other wild game are rapidly vanishing, and the old forms of existence by the chase and in the camp are gone forever. These Indians of the plains must either be brought to derive their sustenance from the soil and by other industries, or they must be sustained by the government as paupers, or on the other hand *they must perish;* and they are rapidly coming to realize these facts. About eighteen or twenty years ago, at a military post at what is called the Cantonment, in Oklahoma, a chief came to the commander of the fort one day, begging for vengeance against a member of his band who had committed a grievous crime against his family. The military commander claimed that there was no law giving him authority to interfere. If it had been a white villain, he said, who had committed the crime, he could arrest and punish him, but for the offense of one Indian against another, he had no right to interfere. "But," said he, "have you no remedy among yourselves for a case like this?" "Yes," said the chief, "I could kill him, and I ought to kill him; but the agent is not my friend. He would put me in the guardhouse, and there would be no protector for my family." Then, placing his hand upon the officer's arm, bowed down with

grief and trembling with emotion in every fibre of his frame, he said, "I am sick and tired of the Indian's road. It is no good." Then looking upward as if in earnest supplication, he said, "Oh, that the good God would lead us into the white man's road before we are all destroyed!"

This incident was related by the officer who had spent more than thirty years among these Indians of the plains, and who professed great friendship for them, but who did not seem to recognize Christianity as an important factor in their improvement. Not so, however, some of these Indians themselves. They not only desire to be led into the white man's road, but it is the light of the gospel shining along this road that attracts them and that they long for. And the changed conditions of existence with them make it imperative that what can be done for them along this line be done speedily, for they will inevitably perish without it.

The question of evangelization and Christian education of the Indians is greatly modified in these days by certain other changes of condition worthy of note. We have seen in the history of the Delawares how again and again they were assured by the government of the peaceable possession of territory assigned them, to be guaranteed to them in perpetuity, and how they at times showed progress toward civilization, even a century ago. But again and again disappointment overtook them; their lands were wanted for white settlers, their camps were broken up, and they had to begin anew in the untamed wilder-

ness. Just so has it been with all the tribes, and just so with attempts to evangelize and educate the Indians. There was no abiding place. A mission might be started, a school planted, some notable conversions of Indians occur, and encouraging progress started, and then the lands whereon this was seen were wanted for white settlers, and all must be sacrificed, schools broken up, missions scattered, camps removed, and all permanent progress arrested. There was no opportunity for the institutions of a Christian civilization to strike their roots into the soil and obtain a permanent growth.

In some sense all this has changed, especially in the Southwest. When, about 1832, the Indian Territory was set apart to be the home of the Indians, and the five civilized nations were induced to accept the guarantee of permanent possession of lands set apart to them, for the first time in the history of this country missionary work among the Indians had an open field with some promise that the seed sown might have opportunity to spring up and receive culture and mature fruitage. Though the work was interrupted by the war of 1861 to 1865, and put back by its devastation for at least twenty years, yet the results show how beneficent such work among the Indians would be could these favorable conditions for permanency continue. But alas! another change seems now pending. The influx of white settlers is becoming so great into the Territory that the continued existence of these Indian commonwealths is seriously threatened. What is done for their evangelization must be done

speedily or the vices of white civilization will overwhelm them with ruin. On the one hand it has been demonstrated that the Indians are capable of evangelization and uplifting, and on the other that the dangers of their present situation are very grave. Would that the present little volume might be used in some small measure at least toward the repairing of the injuries of the past, and the realization of the possibilities of the present for those to whom this country owes so much, and for whom most of us have done so little.

With a few words on the subject of Indian education this monograph must close. It was an omen of immeasurable good when some twenty years ago our government conceived the idea of substituting the school for the sword, and the book for bullets, in connection with the Indian. In the founding of what are called non-reservation schools for the industrial and literary training of the youth of the various wild tribes, and in the success which has attended the opening and conduct of such institutions as that at Carlisle, Pa., at Lawrence, Kansas, and some twenty others in different parts of the country, a new era of hope has dawned for the Indian people. By the success of these schools, and the advance made by many of the Indian pupils, the problem of the Indian's capability of receiving an education has been solved. The answer to the question, Can he be educated? is a most emphatic affirmative. The transformation wrought by a four or five years' course has been phenomenal.

The extent of this work of education by the govern-

ment is probably understood by but few of our people. As much as two years ago it was claimed by those who had given the matter careful study, that of the thirty thousand Indian children that ought to be gathered into these schools, not less than twenty thousand had been instructed for a longer or shorter period of time. This estimate refers to the non-reservation schools, supported wholly by the government for the benefit of the so-called blanket Indians. These schools make no provision for the children of the civilized tribes. This explanation is necessary to an understanding of the merits and mistakes of the non-reservation system of schools for the Indian children. The peculiar phase of the system is indicated by the name non-reservation schools. It seems to be based upon the idea that to successfully educate the Indian for civilization you must separate him from his natural surroundings, and from the influence of his tribe, and even of his own family connections, and keep him removed until he has in a measure forgotten the old life, and taken on the new.

On the one side this theory would seem to be justified by the results up to the time of leaving school, in many instances. But there is another side to the question. What of these educated Indian youth when they have finished their school course? It has been frequently said of late, "It is not worth while to spend money to educate the Indian, for when he has gone through the school he goes back to his old life, and in a little while has donned his blanket and forgotten his civilized ways." Doubtless

there is a measure of truth in this assertion; but it is only a half-truth. Here appears what seems to the present writer the mistake of the non-reservation idea in the location of these schools. The youth thus educated away from their tribe, educated out of sympathy with their kin, removed rather from the sympathies of their people, when they leave school and go back to their homes—the natural thing for them to do—are ostracised and persecuted so that they are compelled to either conform, at least outwardly, to the old life or leave. But the Indian is loyal to his clan and kin, and besides it may not be easy to get employment or means of support if he is driven away.

An incident will illustrate. Two or three years ago a correspondent of one of our journals was visiting the camp of one of the blanket tribes of the Southwest. Engaging in conversation with some one in the English tongue he noticed a young Indian near by—in blanket, and in appearance like the other Indians of the camp—who seemed to be interested in the conversation. Finally the young Indian approached and joined in the conversation, speaking in good English, and with an intelligence that so surprised the correspondent that he inquired of his friend who the young man was. He found that he was an educated young man, had spent several years at Carlisle, Pa., and was well informed and a good scholar. Surprised and disappointed at such a result, he sought an interview, and remonstrated with him. He said he should be ashamed, with his knowledge and

ability to be living as he was, the old semi-savage life. "Well," said the young Indian, "I am ashamed, but what could I do?" and then he told him how it was. "When I came back from Carlisle, bringing my civilized ideas, and wearing the garb of civilization, my people would have nothing to do with me. They treated me as an alien, and finally one day twenty or thirty of these men came around me bringing this blanket and this Indian outfit, and they said I must take off those white man's clothes, and give up the white men's ways, or I must leave." The Indian is loyal to his tribe or band. It would be a great hardship to be driven from them. And then, where should he go? It is not easy to get employment in these times; so he had yielded to the compulsion and was living, to outward appearance, the old barbarous life; but as his interest in the conversation of his white brothers showed, only in appearance.

The remedy, it seems to me, for this difficulty would be to locate our schools as near the people to be benefited as possible, so that while the children are being educated they will have an uplifting influence on their parents and other members of the tribe by frequent intercourse. This is the principle on which our mission schools are planted, and the demand for increased effort along that line is enhanced many times by the manifest results they produce. Furthermore, the benefits of a school of learning to any community are not confined to the work done in its halls, nor to the individuals who receive instruction in its classes. There is what we may call the school

atmosphere which pervades its surroundings far beyond its immediate precincts, and is in some measure felt wherever its work is known. This outside influence of the school life is needed especially by the tribes that are just emerging into the light of civilization.

As these last lines are written (1894), a bill has just been introduced in Congress which, if it should become a law, will have a vital effect upon the most advanced of our Indians, the five civilized tribes, for either good or evil. It is the bill to erect the territory of these five tribes into a Territory of the United States, and to compel the abolishment of the tribal governments and force the Indians to become citizens of the United States. We are not prepared to express an opinion here as to whether the Indians will be benefited by this movement or not, nor to enter into any discussion of this very complex question. But we cannot avoid the sad reflection that we are afforded, by the conditions that are claimed to make such a step necessary, a crowning evidence of the disappointments to which the Indians have ever been doomed in their efforts to solve the problem of their own elevation, and in the guarantees offered by the United States of the conditions under which they were allowed to make the effort. It was thought that at last in this Indian Territory these tribes referred to had a reliable assurance that they would have undisturbed possession of the circumscribed lands given them for a permanent possession, and that here the institutions of a Christian civilization, adopted by them, would have opportunity to strike their

roots into the soil, and grow up to a permanent condition of success. But alas! the persistent encroachments of the white man upon their domain seem to have made necessary another change; not indeed the removal to another country, for there is no place left for another experiment, but an absorption into the conditions of civilization, or total extinction.

It may be as claimed, that the conditions of fulfilling the government's solemn pledges to the Indian are no longer possible; but the question will force itself upon us, "By whose fault have they been rendered impossible of fulfillment? Moreover the apparent impossibility of fulfilling these pledges cannot eradicate the sense of injury from the hearts of those whose rights have been thus ruthlessly trampled upon. Really the only remedy for the present condition of things is the evangelization of these red sons of the forest, and the consequent bestowment upon them of a Christian civilization. This is the imperative duty of our people and its earnest assumption can take place none too soon. If in any wise this book shall aid to bring this about, one purpose of the author will have been served.

THE END

BOOK TO BE RETURNED